Saturday Review

July 11, 1964 25¢

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By Joseph S. C

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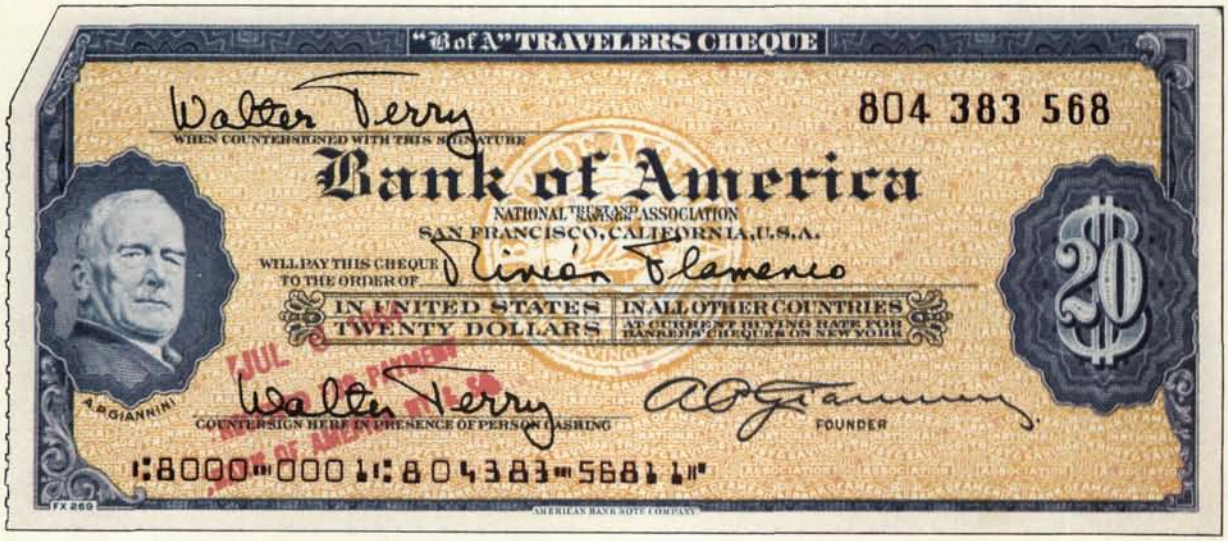
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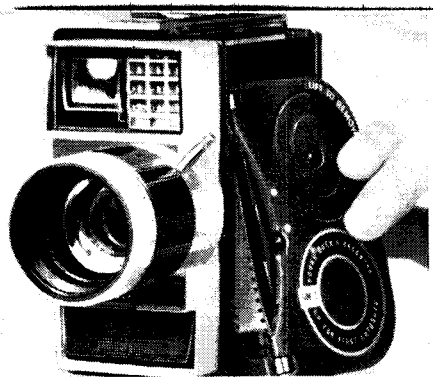

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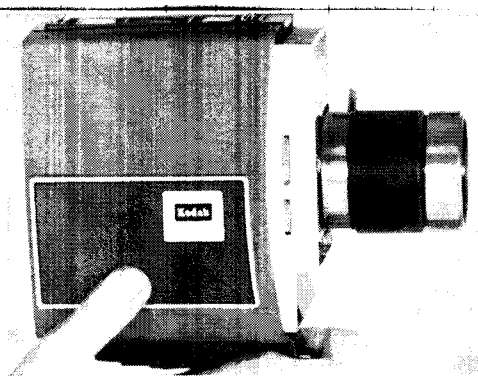

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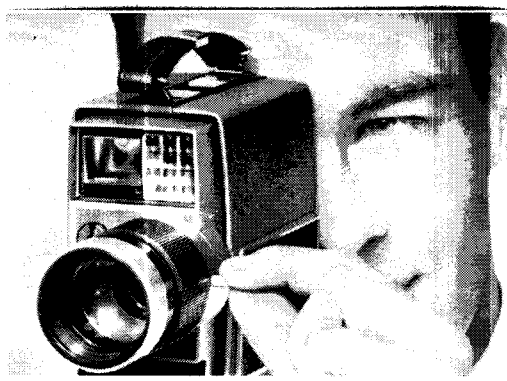

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Though it was many years ago, I can well remember visiting the cliff called Gay Head on Marthas Vineyard. I haven't been back, but the great, multi-colored clay wall is a happy and tenacious memory which pops into my consciousness from time to time—most recently when I opened Barbara Blau Chamberlain's book, "These Fragile Outposts," a non-technical geological look at Cape Cod, Marthas Vineyard, and Nantucket.

Mrs. Chamberlain can take her place any time in the forefront of the seashore fanciers—her love for the ever-changing dune and headland is apparent to every reader. Happily, she is also a critical and knowledgeable admirer, who can tell the story of this fascinating area with authority as well as affection.

"These Fragile Outposts" is the whole biography of the Cape and its neighboring islands. It is a life story with men in it, but the principal characters are the forces of earth, sea, and weather. These three created the outposts millennia ago, and it will be nature that finally—says Mrs. Chamberlain—will erase the whole complex, though we needn't expect to see the day.

I'm not up on either the ins and outs of the Cape nor on the intricacies of geology, and so I can assure others like me that they can enjoy "These Fragile Outposts" fully without any special qualifications. On the other hand, I dare say that if you've known and loved the Cape for years, you'll love it even more after reading "These Fragile Outposts." It's that kind of book.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

These Fragile Outposts by Barbara Blau Chamberlain ($6.95) is published by The Natural History Press, Central Park West at 79th Street, New York 24, New York. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 436 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, New York.

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVII, No. 28, July 11, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Midwest Office: Raymond W. Welch, Jr., Mgr., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 1221 Hearst Building, San Francisco 3, California, and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California; Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202.

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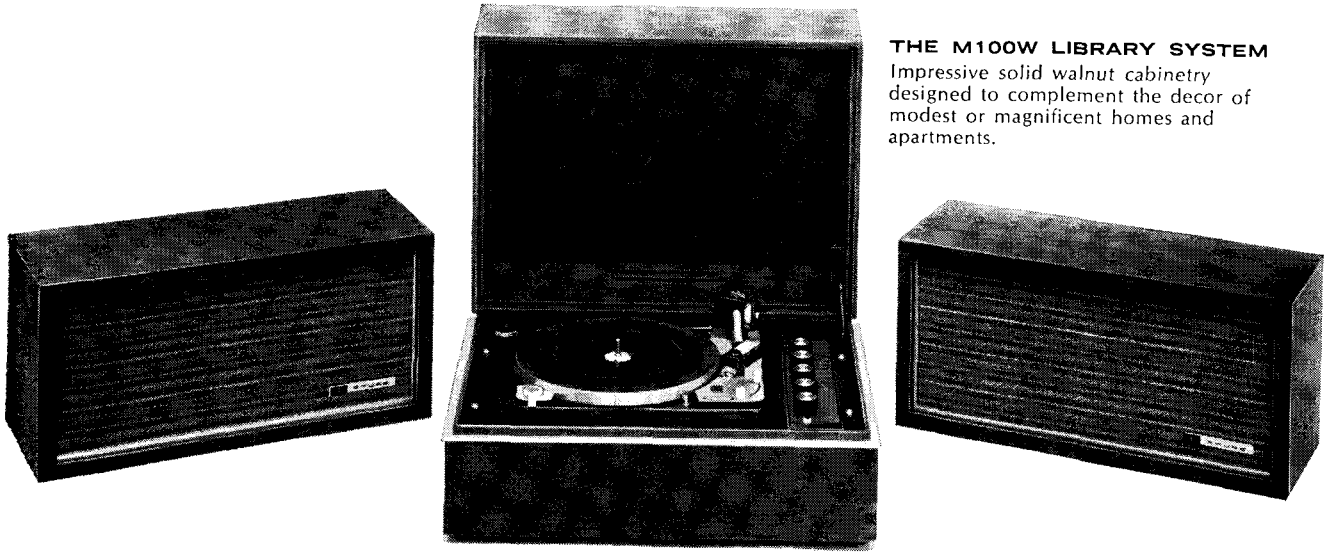

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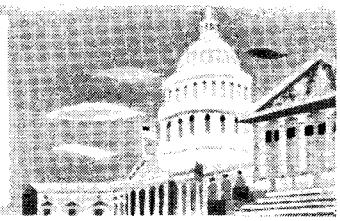
State of Affairs



Behind the Goldwater Phenomenon

NOT since Senator Robert A. Taft sought the nomination for Presidential candidate in 1952 has the world watched an American convention as anxiously as it is watching this year's gathering in San Francisco.

The world has got used to a consistent and stable American foreign policy that has been based on certain firm but reasonable principles acceptable to the alliance and one that has also had in all its important aspects at least bipartisan political support at home. It is a policy that was gradually developed after World War II by President Truman and then continued by President Eisenhower and President Kennedy. And it was also basically acceptable to Governor Thomas E. Dewey and Richard Nixon when they campaigned as opposition candidates for the Presidency. It won the United States respect and support.

All of a sudden a Republican candidate is in the race who has the nomination almost in his pocket and who is challenging some of the very basic ideas that have been guiding American foreign policy for almost twenty years.

He is convinced that Americans want a far tougher stand against the Communist world than that taken in the last few years, and he therefore assumes that they do not take too seriously the consequences of the existence of what Sir Winston Churchill called "the balance of terror" between the United States and the Soviet Union. A corollary assumption is that they are willing to take far greater risks than has been thought up to now.

There are admittedly many American and foreign statesmen who have great reservations about the usefulness of the United Nations. Most of them, however, would not want to see the U.S. withdraw from the organization as Senator Goldwater proposes, even if Communist China becomes a member, because this would leave a powerful instrument in the hands of the Communists, who would then dominate it. Mr. Goldwater has modified his position from his views in 1963 when he said in a recorded interview, "I have always favored withdrawing recognition from Russia," to saying, "The possibility of withdrawing recognition of the Soviet Union should be held as a sword over the head of the Kremlin to be used at a moment most appropriate and most advantageous to the interests of the United States." It is nevertheless difficult to see what advantage the U.S. could gain from such a step or why the Soviet Union would be prepared to "pay" anything in order to prevent the withdrawal of American recognition.

Senator Goldwater has frequently criticized the Administration for not consulting sufficiently with the Allies. But what he does not seem to realize is that if he consulted them on his own eccentric foreign policy ideas these consultations would not get very far. His suggestion, for instance, concerning the use of nuclear weapons, which he would leave to the decision of the Supreme Commander of NATO, is against all European traditions. Decisions of this sort are the responsibility of the civilian political leadership. It is even against all American traditions for the President to abdicate such a grave decision to the military.

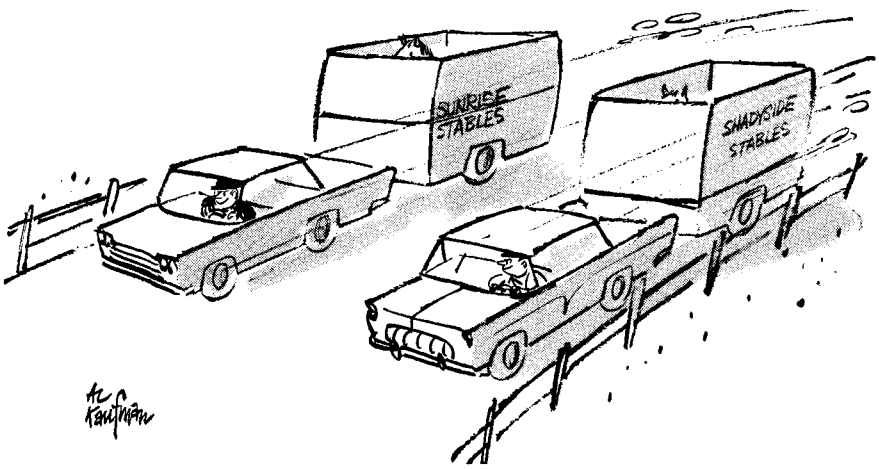
The Senator once pointed out to me that Britain controlled the world for a hundred years with its navy; he therefore did not see any reason why the United States could not control the world in this century with its air force. This is one of those easy leaps of logic that may sound reasonable to some who like to have everything reduced to the simplest terms and alternatives, but it just does not make sense in this terribly complex world. Only the other day Thomas L. Hughes, Director of Intelligence and Research in the State Department, said in a speech that " 'the illusion of American omnipotence' is an illusion we have long since overcome, if indeed it ever existed."

Many foreign commentators have referred to Senator Goldwater as a fascist. They probably came to this conclusion by what seems to be his militaristic outlook; but it is a faulty term, misinterpreting the man. Fascists believe in the state having ultimate and total power, while Senator Goldwater is in favor of reducing the power of the central government to a minimum. Then again the Senator is seeking power within the political framework set by the American Constitution, and there is no reason to think that he would want to scrap this Constitution if he were elected President. Nor is there reason to think that he is the tool of a well-organized cabal, although the John Birch Society has often been mentioned as one of his strong supporters. He would certainly not have gone as far as he has in his quest for the nomination had his supporters been limited to such a small minority group.

IT is true that after a long interval the conservative Republicans now have their chance. It is also true that Senator Goldwater presents the party and the country with a clear alternative to the Democrats. It has led him to proclaim that he is the first candidate for a long time who can offer the voters "a choice, not an echo," and this is undoubtedly true.

The significance of his candidacy therefore goes beyond the struggle for power within the Republican Party and beyond the question of just how conservative Republican voters really are. It poses several interesting key questions, and there may be an advantage in having them answered by the American electorate, even though the nomination of Senator Goldwater in itself could in the long run undermine the basic confidence the Allies have had in the U.S. for so many years now; it could also engender second thoughts concerning the question of whether Western Europe should not develop a policy more independent of Washington, as, for instance, General de Gaulle is advocating.

One of the basic questions Senator Goldwater's candidacy has raised is whether there is room for the kind of extreme views he holds—even allowing for



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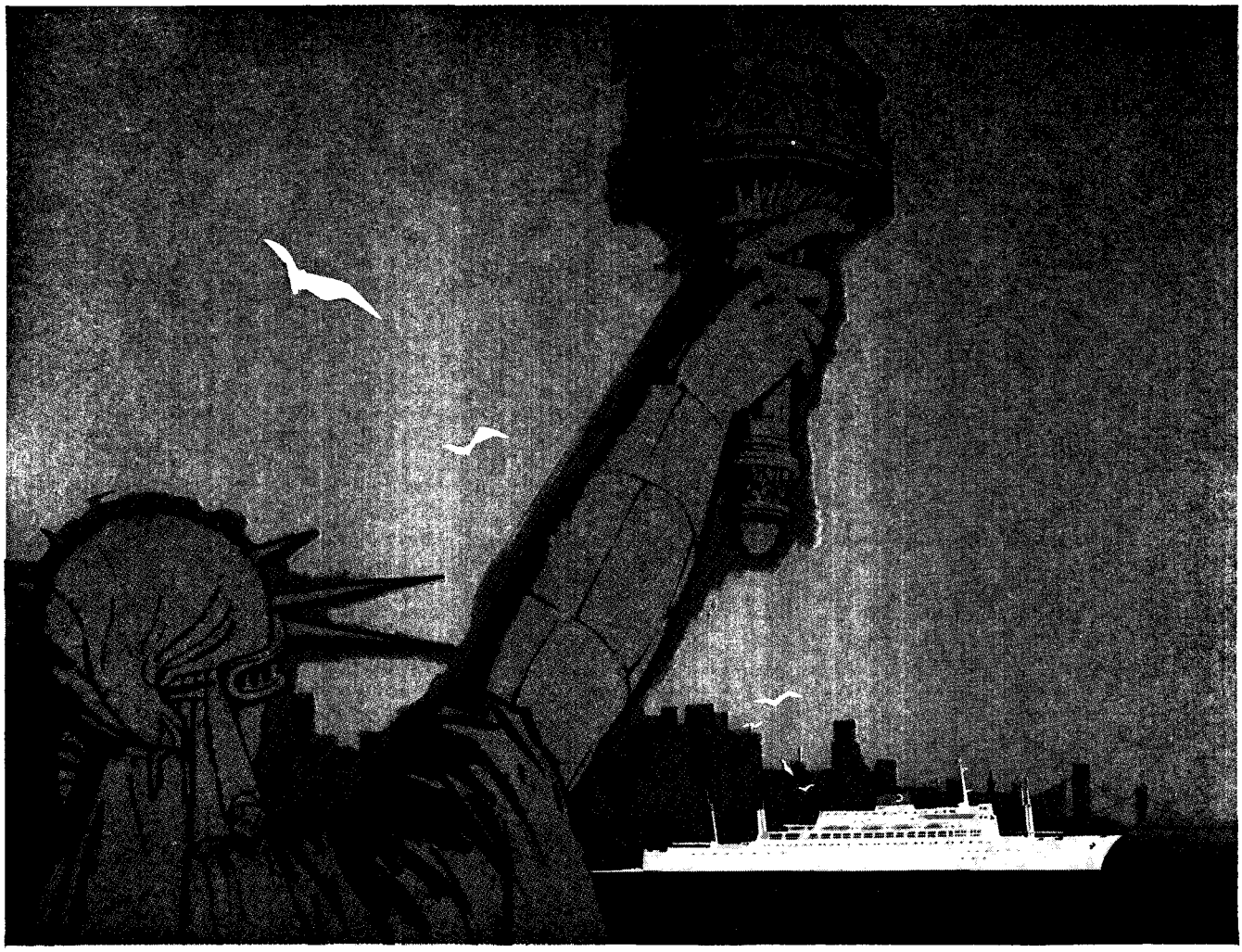

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the fact that he has already begun to modify some of them—in a world set in such precarious balance. A related question, of course, is whether there actually is the kind of support for them among the American electorate that Senator Goldwater believes.

The Republican Party, it is generally admitted, is in the minority as far as registered membership goes. Its Presidential candidates have therefore had to make a special effort to win over a large slice of the independent voters in order to be victorious. This theory was twice proved by President Eisenhower. He appealed enormously to the uncommitted voter, and the calculation of those who thought he would make a stronger candidate than Senator Taft proved to be correct. Mr. Nixon, who also tried to appeal to the independent voter, came close to proving the same theory. This year the Republican Party not only seems willing to ignore the basic fact that it is a minority party, but it is indeed emphasizing this situation by threatening to nominate a man who may have the support of only a minority among Republican voters—or who at least does not seem able to count on the full support of all registered Republicans.

Senator Goldwater's answer to this is that the country is far more conservative than is generally being assumed, and that he would draw support from conservatives in both parties that could give him victory.

It is usually denied in the Goldwater camp, but the assumption underlying this calculation is that in the secrecy of the voting booth many Americans, who would not confess this to a poll-taker, will vote for the Senator in protest against the great pressures being exerted today all over the country for greater equality of the Negro—a feeling that is usually summed up by the phrase the "white backlash." No doubt these sentiments may considerably influence voters in the North and South; but it is questionable whether people decide how to vote for a Presidential candidate on the basis of a single issue. Their minds are usually set on the much broader basis of whether or not the candidate is likely to make the kind of over-all leader to whom they would want to entrust their fate.

What the world thinks of Senator Goldwater is unlikely to influence the American voters, although John F. Kennedy thought there were votes to be gained in accusing the Eisenhower Administration of lowering American prestige overseas. Nevertheless, if people abroad thought that Barry Goldwater had a real chance of winning they would be far more worried than they are. Nor is the feeling in the White House that a race against the Senator would be easier than against any other Republican without significance. —HENRY BRANDON.

THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

Stop the Protogyny Press!

(Or, Science is entertaining to more people than Jacques Barzun is aware of.)

FRIENDS. It has been known for some time that certain near-relatives of the sea bass (grouper) are synchronous hermaphrodites. It is also known that certain Mediterranean porgies are, in the course of their lives, first males and then females. In this month's *Natural History* magazine comes what may be the best news of all. It seems (seems, heck, it *is*) that your ordinary grouper, comprising three-quarters of the commercial catch in the Bermudas, is born a female. All of them. And at around five years of age they turn into males. All of them.

How perfectly marvelous for that portion of the Libido Press which, thrilled by recent court decisions, has cluttered the stands with endless slicks of the Him and Her picture-book persuasion. What a jolly bulletin for me, latest slyboots-*cum*-fink publisher! My new monthly publication is entitled *Queer Fish*.

—HENRY MORGAN

The Sporting Life

BASEBALL was to Ring Lardner part of the very breath of life, and I doubt if a day went by even during his terminal illness when he did not read, write, or talk about it, regardless of season. Ring and my father had been roommates in early Chicago days. (Later my father was to marry Ring's sister, Anne.) Pop had worked on the old Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, editing what was then called a sports "Green Sheet" because it was printed on green paper. He was what you would now call a sports editor, perhaps the first of his brand in this country, and he was the first official scorer at Comiskey Park. Sports consisted largely of college football in the fall, occasional racing and boxing, and major league baseball, which was then hot news in Chicago because the White Sox were the champion hitless wonders of the American League and the Cubs were the unbeatables of the National League and the World Series of 1906 was a hot time in that old town, to hear Pop and Ring tell about it later.

To the end of both their lives, Pop and Ring were the closest friends and sometimes in later years when Ring felt bluer than usual he would call my father long distance (quite an operation in those days, plug to plug to plug to plug) and just talk while the Niles *Daily Star* waited patiently to go to press. When he was trying to edit the *Inter-Ocean* "Green Sheet," however, Pop told me later, there were times when he would gladly have strangled Lardner had he been anywhere near at hand. The fact that Ring was in Milwaukee covering the weekly Turnverein was usually the cause of difficulty. Pop couldn't put the "Green Sheet" to bed without Turnverein results because half his Sunday-morning readership was German and that was about the only reason any of them read the *Inter-Ocean*. Pop would telegraph at 10 P.M. to Ring in Milwaukee: "Where the hell are the summaries?" And Ring would telegraph back from the saloon nearest the Turnverein Hall: "They're still polevaulting. Love, Ring."

Naturally, when I came to New York as a cub reporter on the *Herald Tribune* I roomed with John, Ring's oldest boy and my first cousin. John also worked on the *Trib* and he and I used to see Ring every Monday. He was by then very near his death from tuberculosis—and alcohol—but though bedridden he still followed baseball the way a small boy follows his team. John and I were invited to the Lardners' midtown hotel one October night, but at the last minute John couldn't go because Stanley Walker had discovered that a fox was loose in Brooklyn and it looked like a good feature story (John wrote later that the Brooklyn police followed the fox around Flatbush yelling "Yerks, yerks.") Anyway, I went up to the hotel myself. Ring greeted me with great news. Some enterprising syndicate editor had asked him to "cover" the Series from his bed by radio and this greatly appealed to the old baseball buff. His eyes were shining from their sunken depths. He talked between great spasms of coughing.

"I think I'll do one piece the day before," he was saying, "listing all the people likely to attend the opener. A sort of society rundown. I think I've got a good idea but I'm stuck. I want to work One-Eyed Connelly in somewhere."

"Why don't you put him in every box?" I said with sudden inspiration.

"Great!" said Ring. "I'll put him in the next box with Carrie Chapman Catt and Oliver Wendell Holmes. In the third I'll have him in with Mrs. Jimmy Walker and a man named Brainard . . ."

Suddenly he paused and the light seemed to quicken in his great eyes.

The Eyes Have It

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"I think I've got it now," he said, and dropped the subject. I knew from experience when to shut up, and my aunt Ellis began talking about Andover, where most of the family seemed to be falling out of dormitory windows, thereby courting expulsion.

Three days went by and the World Series loomed. Lardner's first column appeared and I eagerly went for it to see my own brainchild in print. But what he had written was so much better than simply putting One-Eyed Connelly in every box that I have thought about it many times since, as the difference between the adequate and the perfect. He had, it was true, put One-Eyed Connelly in every box at Yankee Stadium, along with appropriate guests, but he had called him Two-Eyed Connelly in the second box, Three-Eyed Connelly in the third, etc. And, half way through, he had written:

"Nine-Eyed Connelly, Ten-Eyed Connelly, Eleven-Eyed Connelly, (skipping) Thirteen-Eyed Connelly, Fifteen-Eyed Connelly. . ." —Richard L. Tobin.

Sex and the Single Cell

At lunch in a chic East Side restaurant the other day, I ran into a charming amoeba I know. Though this amoeba is no longer young, its clear ectoplasm and firm, well-proportioned pseudopods are the envy of organisms half its age.

"I just can't understand why there is so much unhappiness among protozoa," it said to me. "Just yesterday, I heard of one who slit its vacuoles."

"How awful," I said. "Did it leave a note?"

"No. I guess it was just tired of living," my unicellular friend answered. "It had no outside interests; just sat around the house waiting for binary fission."

"Well, *you* certainly look radiant," I said. "How do you manage it?"

"After the doctor told me I would never split, I was depressed for a while, of course," it said, "but I soon decided to reshape my life. I bought a new hyaline cap, trimmed milligrams off my endoplasm, and took a job here in your onion soup."

"I was wondering about that," I said. "I was about to call the waiter before I recognized you. How do you like the business world?"

"I simply adore it! It's changed my whole outlook. The older I get the more fabulous each day is. I notice things I never did before. The change of seasons for instance. I walk in the rain every chance I get."

"What about your social life?" I asked.

"I have a few dinner dates with neighborhood paramecia. I enjoy their company for a few hours, but I'm definitely not interested in a permanent relationship. I'm having too much of a ball."

Right on cue, it was joined by its companion, a handsome organism with whiplike flagella. My friend smiled warmly, and, together, they slithered happily off the side of my spoon.

There's an important lesson here for you young amoebae-alone who may feel you have reached the end of your enzymes.

The lovely, fun-loving creature I met in the restaurant is vibrantly living proof that an amoeba-alone need not be lonely. Rather than wallow in self-pity, it wallows in soup. Denied that most precious experience of amoebic life—binary fission—it has applied its energies to the great export branch of amoebic business—dysentery.

Chances are you will never be faced with the problem my friend had; barren amoebae are few and far between. Think of that and count your blessings. You must not, however, sit idly by, *passively* waiting for binary fission. Take an interest in your culture. Nothing is as important to a healthy microorganism. Do volunteer work; learn to live outside yourself. Be good to yourself: Bathe *yourself in seaweed extract, put on your* filmiest algae, and stand firmly on your false feet.

When mitosis finally occurs, remember that you will not have lost a nucleus; you will have gained an amoeba.

—Lou D'Angelo.

"Sorry, they're all emptics."

As It Happens

New Yorkers are organizing for protection. United they stand, divided they get mugged.

Four hundred thousand words of James Michener's new novel are in a bank vault. On the basis of past performance, they should be in Fort Knox.

Reapportionment will weaken farmers politically. They might even have to grow things to get paid.

If you faint outdoors in London, they give you a jigger of Scotch. In Paris they give you a glass of wine. In New York they think you're already stoned.

A liberal urban political leader doesn't care if a man is Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, or Negro. He just makes damn sure one of each is on the ticket.

The GOP has every political ailment except one. Overconfidence.

Next person telling us a beagle story gets his ears boxed.

The last man to leave a cocktail party can hardly.

Dowager dialogue overheard: "John wouldn't have a television set in the house until this week. I can thank Senator Goldwater."

Cook-out grills are selling wildly. Soon our suburbs will be covered by charcoal smog.

Now Governor Rockefeller will have time for philanthropy. Well, it's more blessed to give than to receive.

Many people oppose the use of pesticides. Except on their vacation.

Congressmen ponder the school prayer amendment. They await divine guidance *and* constituent mail.

—Fred Sparks.

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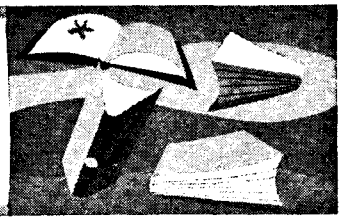
Trade Winds



We recently went through the rather harrowing experience of trying to smuggle Gregory Peck into a town of 14,000 souls, without any one of them becoming aware of the distinguished visitor, and then to keep him incognito during his stay. The reason for the secrecy was neither capricious nor coy. We were

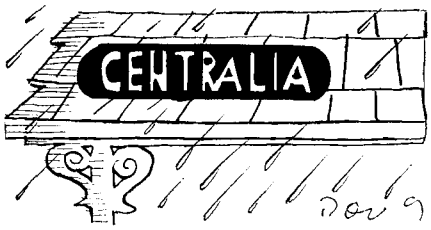
involved in producing a special documentary film that required normal circumstances in the main streets of the town, a feat almost impossible to accomplish when a Hollywood star is on hand. As scientists have indicated, it is usually impossible to study normal behavior when the subject is aware of or stimulated by the observer. Put a motion picture camera in the middle of Main Street, U.S.A., and ordinary conditions go haywire. People cannot resist waving at the camera, peeking at it, or jumping like a startled fawn and ducking under it. Add to the scene one of the country's most prominent actors, and there is no longer any resemblance to a town's usual routine.

The town of Centralia, Illinois, was chosen for the documentary not only because it is a typical Midwestern community but also because it happens to be, according to the latest census figures, the population center of the United States. If you could lift the country's entire population on a platter, it would balance at Centralia. Oddly enough, the town was named long before anybody had any idea it would become such a symbol. Since the days of the thirteen colonies, the center of population has been moving steadily westward. In 1790, it was twenty-three miles east of Baltimore. Since 1940, the center has moved ninety-nine miles west and about twenty-four miles south to its present position about seventy miles east of St. Louis.

We were able to whisk Mr. Peck and his charming wife, Veronique, into Centralia under cover of darkness, and even though we had been shooting scenes by hidden camera during the early part of the week, no one was aware of his arrival. Since our plans were to begin filming at first light on the following morning, we anticipated no real trouble with traffic control on the main streets of the town. By the time the streets began getting busy, most of the filming would be over.

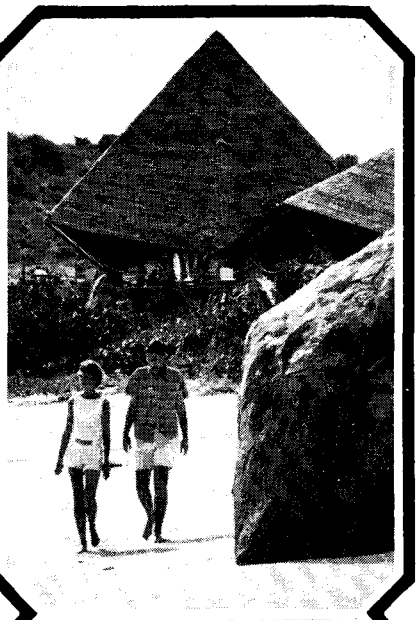
It is, of course, not unusual for prominent actors to go on location in smaller towns for filming a feature production. But in these cases the camera work doesn't depend on ordinary people being themselves; each scene is set up and rehearsed, and the end product looks natural and convincing. In a documentary, however, the best way of catching convincing footage is to keep the subject unaware until after the film has been shot. A feature film creates natural conditions; a documentary mirrors them.

First light did not come the following morning until 9:30. A dense black storm hit just before dawn and kept a drenching, incredible downpour falling in a midnight gloom for more than three hours. Filming was impossible; driving was impossible. About the only solution was to rewrite the narration and commentary so that the filming would take place on the platform of the Illinois Cen-



tral Railroad Station, where a wooden shed would keep things dry enough to get on with the job.

Throughout the painful wait, Mr. Peck was gracious and patient. We were able to borrow a patrolman's raincoat to keep him reasonably dry as he stood on the covered walk of the Motel Centralia, waiting for the first sign of let-up so he could get to the depot. By eight, the filming began on the deserted station platform, still in heavy rain. By nine, the rain had stopped, and it appeared that we could go back to the original filming schedule on the main street of the town. By nine-fifteen, Mr. Peck was spotted in his patrolman's raincoat. By nine-twenty the local radio broke the story. By nine-thirty the cor-



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VIRGIN GORDA
BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

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ner of Locust and East Broadway was jammed with craning necks.

Thanks to the yeoman service of the Centralia Police Department, a semblance of order was restored and the filming completed, but without the desired early-morning atmosphere. As the cameras were being struck for the next location, the crowd surged around Mr. Peck, flooding him with scraps of paper and ballpoint pens for the inevitable autographing session. Through it all, Mr. Peck bathed in the spontaneous adoration with dignity, composure, and a wry sense of humor.

The final scene was to be shot on one of Centralia's many quiet, shady streets. In spite of several U-turns and considerable zigzagging, a half-dozen cars trailed us until a passing freight train interrupted the impromptu convoy. Finally the cameras were set up on the sidewalk beside the local Presbyterian church. The startled pastor, who was among the first to discover Mr. Peck, swept him into the protection of the church office, where the two discussed metaphysics and religion until the film crew was ready. By this time the news was out again, and the police moved in to guide traffic and people.

Back at the motel, a limousine was ready to take the Pecks back to the St. Louis airport. A dozen or so people guessed that this would be the point of departure and were on hand to collect the last few autographs. A few blocks away, on East Broadway, the traffic had returned to normal. The carillon at the Presbyterian church was pealing out a midday hymn, and once again the population center of the country was regaining its balance. As the limousine pulled away on Route 161, a car with three women pulled up at the motel, too late to catch a glimpse. The driver got out of the car and watched with despair as the limousine disappeared.

Then she turned our way and said mournfully: "Didn't he leave one little *shred* of something behind?"

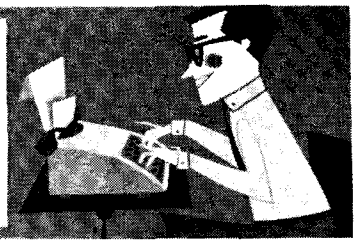
—John G. Fuller.

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1578)

(Robert) Hillyer:
(An) Old-Fashioned Fourth
(Suggested by F. J. Roberts)

. . . Even Christmases were secondary
To these wild holocausts that thrilled us yearly.
I will but say I loved the old Fourth dearly
That threatened my survival each July.
But now it fades, and I remember merely
One bright balloon adrift in evening sky.

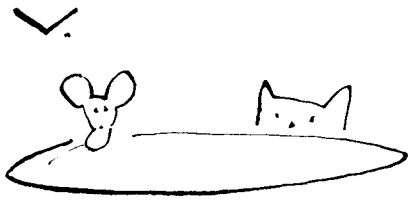
Top of My Head



The Art of Hypochondria

I DIDN'T become a hypochondriac until late in my middle twenty-five years—if you will fantasize along with me that a man's life span is seventy-five and is divided into three equal spans of twenty-five. So by the time I was forty I was an apprentice hypochondriac and by the time I reached forty-two, full-blown. At the age of fifty-two I stopped fighting it, accepted senescence as a way of life, and now, some years later, I come to fellow sufferers with the happy report that I still have my marble. Singular.

My symptoms were simple, really, and will no doubt find identification in many hypochondrial minds. At any given moment and all through any day or night I could develop a rapid heartbeat and pulse that triggered a shortness of breath accompanied by a fear of dying. It was not so much the actual fear of dying as it was doing it unattractively; lying prone on a strange, busy street somewhere or slumped in a theater seat, or in a restaurant or a crowded elevator, in a cab or in the home of friends, on a beach or in the snow, in a radio studio or in a strange doctor's office.



It is with the purpose of demonstrating that there is an art to handling hypochondria with grace and dignity that this piece is being written. Fainting in nightclubs, regurgitating in taxis, leaning against tall buildings are not accepted *savoir-faire*. I know. I was there, Charlie. I was a mess.

Medical schools weren't turning out doctors fast enough for me. Most of the doctors to whom I came crawling for help curtly told me after thorough examinations that there was nothing wrong with me. I made short shrift of them. But I do remember three of my early doctors fondly and with reverence. Of all the medicos to whose offices I beat paths in those years, they were the most patient, they were kindly, and they were always in attendance when I needed them. They at least satisfied my need for knowing that something was really wrong with me by separately diagnosing my case as neurocirculatory aesthenia.

Whatever all that meant, at least I had something to go on. It's no picnic having something physically wrong with you and not having a name for it. So I could be found any day in the respective offices of these three doctors. To these three learned men of medicine I will forever be grateful: Dr. Jack Weiner, Dr. Joseph Diamond, and Dr. Foster Kennedy, who, at their untimely passing, I felt were somehow in violation of their Hippocratic oath.

Meanwhile I struggled on with my neurocirculatory aesthenia as best I could. When friends met me on the street and casually asked "How are you?" it was a case of "What's the matter with you?" If somebody remarked, "Haven't seen you in a long time," I knew he meant "What hospital have you been in?" I began to find reasons for not going out. I began lying down at lot. As an excuse, I was once in bed for nine days with a bad haircut. What I needed was some new doctors. I found them.

One day I was in the office of one of the new doctors who had X-rayed me and turned my stomach inside out. He finally listened raptly to my heart as his feet danced a fast tango to its beat. For fear he might dismiss me as having nothing wrong with me, I confided that what I had was neurocirculatory aesthenia. To my delight he nodded his head. The symptoms, he told me, were a rapid heartbeat and pulse.

Needless to say, I was shaken. I asked if he could give me something for that. He wrote a prescription. I stuck it in my pocket and walked out. At the first drugstore, I approached the pharmacist, took the prescription out, and was about to hand it to him when I read what he had written: "You have no organic abnormality of the heart, no feeling of breathlessness is dangerous, nothing bad will happen to you." And he had the nerve to sign it. I ordered a tube of toothpaste—small size. I knew now I wasn't going to last long.

More anon . . . if I'm able.

—Goodman Ace.

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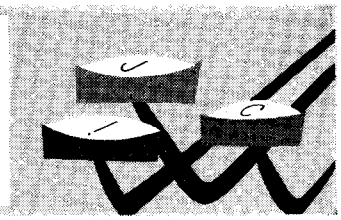
Manner of Speaking



Still in Defense: In this column for June 13 I lamented what I still believe to have been the evasive decision of Navy Secretary Paul B. Fay, Jr., in denying full flying status to Lieutenant Frank Ellis.

Lieutenant Ellis, as I hope no one has forgotten, is the fighter pilot who stayed with his disabled jet until he was sure it would clear a row of houses. Only when he had managed to aim it toward a patch of open ground did he eject himself, but with so little altitude remaining that he suffered injuries that required the amputation of both legs.

But though he was a double amputee, Lieutenant Ellis refused to be a cripple. He fought against all Navy precedent to remain on flying status, and he trained himself to use his legs so well that he more than met every physical test required of navy pilots. His insistence finally brought him before a specially convened board of Navy flight surgeons who evaluated his fitness and restored him to full flying duty. But Lieutenant Ellis's victory carried only as far as the desk of Under Secretary Fay, who overrode the board's decision and reduced Lieutenant Ellis to limited duty as a copilot.

In reporting these facts, I wished Under Secretary Fay could have found it in himself to make a more valorous answer to a valorous man.

Among the rebuttals I have since received in the mail, I was especially taken by one from a Navy pilot, a good man I once had the pleasure of meeting, but one, I am sure, who will prefer to remain anonymous.

> I share—or perhaps surpass—your distaste for bureaucracy, and I am a past associate and admirer of Ellis. Nonetheless, I think you have a sticky wicket here when you suggest that a man with artificial limbs should be placed in the position of attempting to taxi a modern fighter airplane on the always treacherous and crowded deck of an aircraft carrier. As one who has done it, and as one who has been responsible for the flight-deck operations of a carrier, I would view with stark terror a situation in which a pilot was attempting to taxi with anything less than the ultimate possible capability. Artificial limbs could never provide the required "feel." I would, however, be perfectly happy with the situation anywhere but on a carrier; Douglas Bader proved that legs are not necessary for fighter pilots.

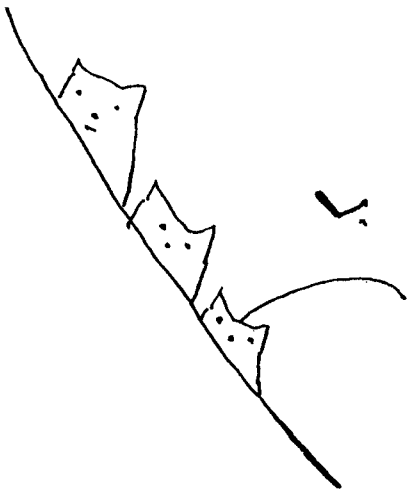
Here, obviously, is an authoritative voice, whereas mine is, just as obviously, distant and amateur in such matters. But has the last word been said?

Wing Air Commander Douglas Bader was certainly a case in point, a double amputee who continued to fly as one of the RAF's best. And the Luftwaffe had another such, as I understand, though with few details in hand, in Oberst Rudel. Lieutenant Ellis's case is unprecedented only among American pilots. There is precedent enough abroad to enforce the argument that where there is enough man, the legs are attached to him, not he to the legs.

Who, I must insist, really knows how much man Lieutenant Ellis's legs are attached to? My correspondent thinks those legs leave Lieutenant Ellis short of "ultimate possible capability." But can any man know that to be a firm fact?

It is firm fact that Lieutenant Ellis has passed his physical tests with room to spare. He has even taught himself to waterski on his wooden legs. I wonder if any man would have thought that possible until Lieutenant Ellis did it. We are dealing, sir, with an hombre. I submit that he may just be more hombre than can be guessed at in a general way.

And why leave it to any man's guess, however serious the guesser? All that is necessary is to let Lieutenant Ellis show what he can do in an actual test. The test can certainly be arranged so that no one else need be endangered. Let him try. Let him kill himself trying, if it must come to that. The man wants to try. And who has earned a better right to be judged by what he can do rather than by a guess about what he can do?



I am saying that I refuse to generalize about "ultimate possible capability." And I am saying to the Navy that it still has a chance to give a good man a fitting answer. Let the Navy's experts—my correspondent among them—set up any test of flying skill. Let them take Under Secretary Fay off the hook by establishing that any man who can pass that test is automatically qualified for full flying status. Then give Lieutenant Ellis a plane and let him supply his own answers. Let the Navy do that and I shall withdraw, with full apologies, every word I said about bureaucracy and playing it safe with the desk jockeys. It may just turn out that Lieutenant Ellis is his own authority on his own "ultimate possible capability."

I think he can do it. If the tricky part, as my correspondent assures me, is the business of shooting landings, of taxiing, and of taking off from the crowded deck of a carrier, and if the Navy will let Lieutenant Ellis try it in a two-seater, he can have my carcass in the back seat any time as a private vote of confidence. Not for acrobatics, thank you. It is an aging carcass I am pledging, and I do not care to find out how many gravities it can stand in a pull-out. Just the tricky part, please, without the heroics. I never set out to be an hombre in the first place. But I think I am ready to take Frank Ellis's word any time for what he can and cannot do.

Correction: I am grateful to the same correspondent (and to several others) for setting me straight on an error I made in the same column while bemoaning our crumple-wing air force in Vietnam. A number of the newspaper reports on which I relied referred to the planes whose wings had buckled as "World War II B-26's." I had assumed, though with something like amazement, that these accounts referred to the Martin B-26, unlovingly known in World War II as "The Flying Coffin" and sometimes as "The Baltimore Bitch" or as "The Prostitute" (because its wings gave it no visible means of support).

I am now reliably informed that the old Martin B-26 was scrapped after World War II (rest in peace) and that the Douglas A-26 was redesignated the B-26. It was the Douglas B-26 (originally "A" for attack bomber) that came out of mothballs with that trick of shedding its wings when it was put into a dive. Thank heaven those have now been withdrawn, too. Perhaps some numerologist in the Defense Department has found out that 26 is an unlucky number. Numerology seems to be about the level at which the original decision to use them was reached.

—John Ciardi.

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Position Papers: 1964

The Case for Democratic Liberalism

This is the fourth in a series of *SR* position papers by leading spokesmen whose voices figure prominently in the 1964 Presidential campaign. Previous articles in the series were published February 29 (Arthur Larson on liberal Republicanism), April 25 (James J. Kilpatrick on Southern conservatism), and June 13 (Ralph McGill on Southern progressivism). The author of this article has served as United States Senator from Pennsylvania since 1957.

By JOSEPH S. CLARK

TODAY'S liberal confronts an old dilemma—the quest for individual dignity in a world of bigness and conformity. We are constantly made aware of fantastic weapons, super-size corporations, industry-wide trade unions, and national associations of churchmen and schoolteachers, not to mention manufacturers. Even our studies of local government are concerned with the tribulations of huge metropolitan areas and the future of something called megalopolis.

Yet the liberal's preoccupation with the worth and dignity of the individual compels him to reject the Brandeis notion that bigness is a curse. He realizes that the nation's 200 largest corporations manufacture 40 per cent of our goods and that the economics of today's technology require "efficient bigness," but he hopes, with A. A. Berle, to infuse the business community with a sense of social purpose rather than persist in the closed, socially unaware attitudes that prevailed in the "shopkeeper" economy of the past.

The liberal sees no alternative to big government if the welfare of the individual is to be protected in such a world as ours. But he still sees government as the servant of people, not their master. He seeks efficiency, but not at the sacrifice of compassion. His goal is a government that will serve not those in power but those who require its services. He sees government not as the last resort when all other resources are exhausted, but as the organized intelligence of the community, anticipating and preventing crises that, left unresolved, demean the human spirit.

Eleven years ago in an article for the *Atlantic Monthly* I attempted to take stock of the liberal cause after the Eisenhower landslide of 1952. I defined a liberal as one who believes in utilizing the full force of democratic government for the advancement of social, political, and economic justice at the municipal, state, national, and international levels. "A liberal," I wrote, "believes government is a proper tool to use in the development of a society which attempts to carry Christian [and I should have added Judaic] principles of conduct into practical effect."

I believed then and believe now that the liberal is a reformer. The liberal of America today inherits the tradition of Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, John F. Kennedy, and Lyndon Johnson. They did not believe the status quo was good enough. All these men have tried, within the environment in which they found themselves, to remold the sorry scheme of things somewhat nearer to the heart's desire.

I am even more certain now that the liberal movement tends to break down when it loses its moral status. Nor have I changed my mind that "There is a substantial body of opinion which gets disillusioned at crooked liberals. They will leave the tainted liberal cause to support an honest conservative. . . . In the years immediately ahead liberals had better be honest. It is the best long-run policy for success in politics, as elsewhere. History proves it."

So much for the underlying liberal philosophy. Now for some working premises:

1. The liberal, of course, despite conservative suspicions to the contrary, believes in the dignity and freedom of the individual. He is a strong believer not only in civil rights, but in civil liberties as well. He refuses to identify meaningful individualism solely with the greedy pursuit of wealth. And while he is quite willing to agree that the major material rewards of life should go to the swift and the able in life's race, he wants everyone to start even when the race begins. Moreover, he wants those who fall behind or drop out exhausted to be treated with decency and respect.

2. The American liberal is not a socialist. He believes in the right to accumulate and, after a fair slice is taken to support the government, the right to pass on accumulated wealth to whomever he wishes. But he tends to put moral and intellectual development higher in his scale of values than the acquisition of great wealth.

3. The liberal is a pragmatist. He is quite willing to experiment in the inter-

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ests of social, economic, and political justice. In so doing, he does not feel tied to the legalistic orthodoxy of Montesquieu and the proliferation of power divided horizontally among local, state, and federal governments and vertically among executive, legislative, and judicial branches.

4. The liberal believes that we are masters, not slaves, of our economy; that there are no inexorable laws to whose unfolding we are mere witnesses. He believes in setting a national goal of full employment, maximum production, and reasonable price stability; and, having set it, he is quite ready to consider a variety of administrative and legislative steps necessary to achieve that goal.

5. The liberal believes in fiscal responsibility, but he is wary of the clichés. He recognizes that debt and spending are meaningful terms only when related to wealth and purpose. You will never find him supporting runaway inflation; nor, on the other hand, will you find him driving thousands to misery and bankruptcy through an obsolete insistence on a budget balanced each year, or a monetary policy that enshrines high interest rates and tight credit.

6. The liberal looks at his government not as an impersonal master but as the agent of our collective national wisdom. Experience, he believes, shows that the federal government is more likely to be responsible to this consensus than lobby-ridden state legislatures or boss-controlled city councils. Since the tax resources necessary to bring about that social, political, and economic justice in which he firmly believes are now largely in the hands of the federal government, the liberal is not afraid to advocate programs that will redistribute federal tax money to the states and localities to enable them to carry out the programs they could not otherwise afford because of the inadequacy of their resources.

7. The liberal is an active advocate of peace. He holds no truck with the belligerence of either Senator Goldwater or the late John Foster Dulles. He believes that "we should never fear to negotiate," that Communism is not monolithic, and that, despite its emphasis on subversion, peaceful coexistence negotiated from military and political strength can, with persistence and skill, abolish war in our lifetime.

The liberal has his weaknesses. He tends to be starry-eyed, a mediocre administrator, too optimistic in his assessment of human nature. But he recognizes that we live in a world of change—that today's status quo is tomorrow's ancient history and that on the whole action, even sometimes mistaken action, is wiser than lethargic acceptance of conditions unsuited to the world we live in. He is prepared to face up to constant change as a rule of modern life.

THE difference between the Democratic liberal and his opposite number in the Republican Party is largely one of degree. With some conspicuous exceptions, the liberal Republican is a timid soul. He wants to do something but not much, and that only with "all deliberate speed." He is rather like Senator Everett Dirksen's description of the United States Senate: "An old scow which doesn't move very fast but never sinks."

The moderate Republican supports the United Nations but not, I would add, very strongly. He is for social security, but not very much. He wants some foreign aid but he is frightened of its effect on the budget. He advocates reciprocal trade, but he knows his party's coffers are filled at campaign time with the contributions of domestic protectionists. He may pay lip service to federal aid to education but is scared of the cost of a really effective bill. He would like to accept coexistence with the Russians but he cannot refrain from talking occasionally about "massive retaliation at times and places of our own choosing." He favors the use of "as much federal power as is necessary to uphold the law in civil rights cases." But, in the end, the House-passed civil rights bill of 1964 had to be considerably modified for him, and, with Senator Dirksen, he would place major reliance on state action, even such state action in fair employment practices cases as the State of Mississippi might hereafter legislate.

President Eisenhower has been quoted as saying to a clergyman who asked him why he finally decided not to go to war in Indochina. The President answered: "Nobody asked us." The liberal would agree that General Eisenhower was probably right in not going to war in Indochina, but it would never occur to him to predicate action or inaction on whether we were asked by somebody else to intervene in a situation where our national security was deeply involved. In fact "nobody asked us" is probably a good summary of the liberal Republicans' position.

The other major premise of the liberal Republican seems to be "We can do it better than you can." The liberal Democrat would reply with the query: How, then, do you explain the eight wasted years of the Eisenhower Administration? He might even go further and inquire: Why do you suppose our allies and most of our own informed citizens are in agreement that the level of ability in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations is so much higher than in the days when plutocrats were brought to Washington from the great corporations in the years 1953 through 1960?

The liberal Democrats would answer the objections of the Southern conservative to the world in which he finds himself with the suggestion that modern civilization won't go away. Whether we like it or not, it is here to stay, but it will be changing its form almost every time we look at it.

There is a job for us to do in the

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United States: To advance Western civilization to new heights of knowledge, of compassion, of standards of living, both at home and abroad. And the liberal would contend that this job cannot get done if the federal government fails to take the lead.

Who can be sure that James Madison would be shocked, or Thomas Jefferson either, were they alive today? They were intelligent men well in advance of the thinking of their own time. Might it not be assumed that today they would be similarly forward-thinking? The liberal cannot agree that a government well suited for thirteen sparsely populated colonies clinging to the Atlantic Seaboard is necessarily the best government for the strongest power in the world stretching across a broad continent whose population is rapidly approaching the 200-million mark.

The liberal is proud that no mountaineer's shack escapes the benevolent eye of the President, nor does he think the Appalachia program is founded on a "monstrous theory."

The liberal Democrat recognizes Senator Goldwater's great personal charm but nonetheless believes that the Senator from Arizona represents an age that has passed, having of necessity, to paraphrase an old college song, given way to the age that is thronging before.

The kind of "constitutional government" advocated by Senator Thurmond appears to the liberal Democrat as a hopelessly archaic and indeed idyllic dream, about as practical in the modern world as a suggestion that the government of the United States should be turned over to King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table.

The liberal Democrat believes that recent history has made it abundantly clear that the state and local governments cannot and will not do the necesssary job to advance civilization in America without massive help from the federal government, which has usurped the major tax resources of the country. He believes that, in effect if not in intent, the Southern conservative is leading a revolt against civilization—a revolt as sure to fail as Lee was to surrender to Grant after Richmond fell.

THE liberal Democrat, of course, supported the moderate civil rights bill about to be enacted into law. He is curious to learn how his Southern conservative friends can continue to misrepresent the terms of the bill. Nor can he understand the Southerner ignoring the grave moral issue involved: Why, nearly 100 years after the adoption of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments, do white American citizens refuse to afford their colored fellow citizens that equal protection of the laws and that basic right to equality of opportunity first set forth in the Declaration of Independence and later incorporated by Civil War amendments into the Constitution of the United States? The liberal wonders how any intelligent, compassionate American living in the second half of the twentieth century can seriously advocate the denial of the right to vote, the right to enter public accommodations and facilities, the right to equal educational opportunity and to equal job opportunity to a fellow citizen merely because his skin is dark. The liberal is amazed to find the precept of the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with equal rights under the law, including life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness — written, as we know, by a Virginian, Thomas Jefferson—boldly attacked on the floor of the Senate by otherwise intelligent and decent men.

In short, the liberal Democrat is uncomfortable in the presence of his conservative Southern Democratic friends when political philosophy is under discussion. He is uncomfortable because he knows that, everywhere else in the civilized world except South Africa, the views of his Southern colleagues were rejected as unsound and inhumane at least 100 years ago.

Now for the specifics to carry the liberal philosophy and working principles into effect. What do we mean by social, economic, and political justice? I suggest that the following programs are important:

1. *Congressional Reform.* Congress, the "sapless branch," must be restored to vigorous life through internal and external reform directed at bringing to Washington Senators and Representatives who will recognize the national, not the parochial, point of view, who will be free of venality, who will support the President of their party and the platform on which he ran, who, if their Presidential candidate is defeated, will yet recognize him until a successor is chosen as the titular head of their party, who will promote in opposition the duly adopted platform of their party, and who will address themselves zealously to the task of so organizing the Congress that it can act on the President's recommendations when a majority is ready for action.

Without such Congressional reorganization there is little likelihood that any other significant parts of the liberal program can promptly be carried into effect when Congress meets again after the Presidential election this November.

2. *Foreign Affairs.* The liberal Democrat will press hard for an agreement on general and complete disarmament under enforceable world law, as so eloquently advocated by President Kennedy. He recognizes the difficulties in the way, but believes that, with the cooling of the cold war and the increasing recognition by the Soviet Union that its material interests will also be advanced by the elimination of the arms race, the task is not insuperable. He believes that Russia and America, joining together, can handle Communist China and Gaullist France, the only two intransigent nations in the disarmament area.

The liberal Democrat will hope his President can make peace with Panama, lay the plans for a second canal, contain and perhaps eventually bring about the fall of Castro in Cuba, promote the Alliance for Progress, and set all of Latin

"What makes it so confusing is they've all sworn to tell the truth."

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America on its way to a higher standard of living and thus turn its face against Communism.

The Democratic liberal will try hard to make the Kennedy round of tariff discussions a success. He will support NATO as long as it is needed as a shield against Russian expansion to the West. But he will stand ready at all times to extend the hand of friendship to the Eastern European satellites of the Soviet Union and, indeed, to the Soviet Union itself, hoping, in due course, for a detente which will render unnecessary the mobilization of the military forces of both the Warsaw Pact and NATO nations. And he is not wedded to the sanctity of a united Germany.

He will strongly support the United Nations, but will urge an early and serious consideration of the many drastic changes in its present charter required to make it fully effective. The veto power must be eliminated, for as long as one of the superpowers can prevent the Security Council from acting, it is unlikely that the council can achieve its objective. As the number of nations increases, the voting formula of one vote for each nation in the General Assembly likewise requires re-examination; the vast discrepancies in population, military power, and wealth must be recognized if the General Assembly is to reflect world realities. Finally, the United Nations must have taxing power and a fiscal policy that will not make it so dependent on national contributions to its treasury.

The liberal will look forward to the development of an International Disarmament Organization, controlled by the major military powers and charged with the task of supervising the disarmament process. He will also seek the development of an International Peace Force recruited individually and not by national contingents, whose task it will be to keep the peace wherever violence threatens, and to enforce those judgments and decrees of international courts of law, equity, mediation, and conciliation that must soon be brought into being if world peace is to be achieved under law.

He will look with sympathy on the aspirations of the new nations of Africa, the Middle East, and Asia, but he will take the long view that many years must pass before these countries will be able to sustain democracy in the American sense of the word. He will hope that they may be permitted, with adequate help, to develop their own political, social, and economic institutions without interference by colonial powers, whether Russian, Chinese, or European.

He will wish to contain Communist China within its present borders, but he will be prepared at all times to offer a fair settlement of the controversies currently dividing us from that country and, upon the consummation of such a settlement, and concrete willingness on the part of the Chinese to behave themselves in accordance with the U.N. charter, to accept the inevitable admission of Communist China into the United Nations.

He will hope that, as a result of these policies, the time will come in the foreseeable future when the terrible burden of armaments can be lifted from the back of the taxpayers of the world.

"What I'm looking for is something that will side with me against my husband and his airedale."

3. *Population Control.* Because he values the dignity of life and the potential of every person, the liberal is concerned with the problem of population control. When large families are a consequence of ignorance and unwanted children convert poverty to squalor, the human spirit is crushed.

The Democratic liberal recognizes that in this country and, even more so, in the underdeveloped countries of the world, the expansion of population must be controlled through voluntary methods if standards of living are to be increased or, indeed, even maintained. He is prepared to join with the leaders of all religious groups in working out an agreed solution for achieving this goal through research and development and the dissemination of information to those who seek it.

4. *Unemployment.* The Democratic liberal believes in President Johnson's war on poverty. He supports the legislative measures recommended by the President, but he would go further. He believes our monetary, fiscal, and economic policy must be oriented to the task of creating a trained labor force capable of filling the new jobs created by an expanding economy and thus providing employment for our rapidly expanding labor force despite the job-depressant effects of automation and cybernation. This may well call for substantial additional federal expenditures to help eliminate the deferred maintenance in the public sector of our economy, *i.e.*, through an expanded public works program.

He will not be satisfied until the rate of unemployment is cut to no more than 3 per cent of the labor force.

5. *Rebuilding Our Cities.* The liberal Democrat believes, with President Johnson, that the housing and urban redevelopment programs instituted many years ago must be expanded and pressed to completion. He concurs in the goal of the late Senator Robert H. Taft: "A decent home for every American family." He knows we are far from that goal and he will fight with all his strength the effort of the radical right to bring these programs to an end. He knows that our cities and our metropolitan areas must be largely rebuilt in the next generation if we are to provide civilized shelter, adequate water, and workable transportation for those urban Americans who constitute a constantly increasing percentage of our fellow countrymen as invention denudes our farms of their population and young people leave the rural areas to seek their fortunes in megalopolis.

6. *The Farm Problem.* Finally, the liberal Democrat knows that somehow, some way, a sensible solution to the farm problem must be found. He acknowledges his frustration at not having found it yet, but he is confident that

(*Continued on page* 26)

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Visit to Gettysburg

FROM the veranda of General Dwight D. Eisenhower's home you can look out over historic terrain. It is gentle, soothing countryside; the soft, early summer green deepens where it meets a distant stand of trees. Even in an age conditioned to harsh and jarring reconciliations, it is difficult for the mind to sustain the thought that these quiet fields were once the setting for one of the most violent encounters in history. The blood in the earth runs deep at Gettysburg but the eye sees only an enchanted land.

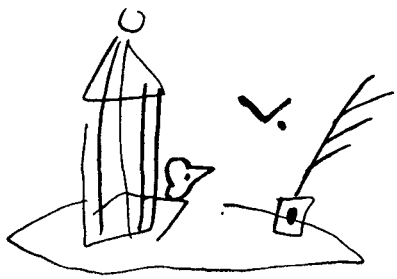
It was the serenity of Gettysburg that attracted General and Mrs. Eisenhower. But the political wars have shattered the stillness. For many weeks now, the battle for a Presidential nomination has rolled into the historic farmhouse. The invaders have the same objective: to capture the favor of a man who has no desire to direct or become enmeshed in partisan political warfare. He came to Gettysburg after forty years as soldier and eight years as President of the United States; he came in retirement and he had a clear idea of what he wanted to do and what he didn't want to do.

"The last thing in the world I wanted to do in my retirement was to try to run a political organization or give orders or pull strings," he said. "Trying to dictate who the man should be who would offer himself to the voters for the most important job in this country is completely out of keeping with what I want to do—or, indeed, what I believe *anyone* has the right to do."

As he spoke, we spied several of his unframed oil paintings on the floor propped up against the wall behind a chair. One of them was of a young boy, a fishing pole on his shoulder, walking down a quiet country road. The tallness of the trees on the sides of the road contrasted with the tininess of the child. Another of his paintings, also unframed, had as its theme a cluster of birch trees. Still another, this one framed and hung near the door leading from the veranda to the living room, was of a large barn, its age showing through the droop of its hanging doors, its flaking shingles, and its faded paint.

"I don't know anything about painting," he said. "Sometimes I work for hours without getting the right shading or texture. For example, the face of the farmer on that canvas against the wall. I just can't seem to get the shadows right on the side of his face. The more I try the worse it gets."

He smiled. "Sometimes I work on a portrait off and on for years without getting it right."



He didn't say so specifically but it seemed clear that he infinitely preferred to work on his paintings than to become enmeshed in political controversy on the basis of personalities.

He reminded us that he was not the standard-bearer for the party in the last election. Even so, people persisted in coming to him, asking him to pronounce judgments or make choices or dictate what ought to be done. He said he was not a king-maker. He didn't believe the party was a one-man affair. One-man rule of anything was obnoxious to him.

One could understand his distaste for political in-fighting. But it was natural, was it not, for the country in general and his party in particular to be interested in his views about the nomination?

It might be natural, but it created difficulties, he said. Some months ago a prominent newspaper reporter came to see him about the political campaign and asked him for his Presidential preference. The General said he wasn't going to sponsor any candidate. This was up to the party. Nor was he going to lobby. His main concern was that the best men make themselves available for the nomination. It was important that the party be in a position to choose from among a number of good men. The reporter then asked him if he thought Henry Cabot Lodge would make a good President. The General thought Ambassador Lodge had excellent qualities and that he would certainly be among the men who deserved consideration by the party.

THE story and headline covering this interview made it appear that the General was backing Ambassador Lodge exclusively for the nomination. After he tried to correct the story, people thought he was repudiating Ambassador Lodge. Then he had to try to remedy that. He commented dourly that this was the way it seemed to go. A story created an erroneous impression or it had a misleading emphasis. You try to correct it and the emphasis is so strong in the other direction in the corrected version that that has to be corrected, too. After a while, you feel like giving up.

He gave another example. Recently he spoke to Governor Scranton as part of his effort to persuade as many good men as possible to make themselves available. He urged the Governor not to make things overly difficult for those who wanted to back him openly. In fact, the last thing he said to the Governor as he went out of the door was that he hoped the Governor would be flexible in his idea of what constituted a draft.

Then the story broke in the newspapers that General Eisenhower was now advocating the nomination of Governor Scranton. He tried once again to make

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it clear he was pushing no candidate in particular but hoped that the best men in the party would make themselves available. As happened before, this was headlined in some newspapers and news broadcasts as a repudiation of Governor Scranton. The thing became hopelessly confused.

We asked the General if he felt the newspapers had properly reported his meeting with Senator Barry Goldwater just before the latter voted negatively on the civil rights bill in the Senate. Didn't the fact that the Senator's announcement of his vote coincided with the account of his visit to Gettysburg create a misleading impression—as though there were some connection between the two events?

"A pertinent question," he replied. "The Senator called on me here to explain his position on the bill. He said he would vote against the bill as a matter of conscience. I said I respected any man who acted out of conscience. I also said my conscience put me in favor of the Civil Rights Bill and that, if I had been a member of Congress, I would have voted for it."

President Eisenhower then recounted the balance of the interview. The Senator said he felt that a few provisions in the bill went too far. General Eisenhower said that this might be possible, but, considering the extent of the deprivations suffered by Americans of darker skin for one hundred years, perhaps the country could afford a pendulum swing just a little bit to the other side. Finally, the General said he disagreed sharply with the Senator on his vote against cloture. Here, too, if he had been active in politics he would have put everything he had behind cloture.

Senator Goldwater told the General that the extended Senate debate had served the purpose of enabling the Senators to learn a great deal. President Eisenhower replied that this might have been true in the early days of discussion but that nothing new had been advanced in the extended days of the debate. In any event, he reiterated he would have opposed Senator Goldwater as strenuously as he could on that issue.

Some people in the Senator's staff gave the story of the meeting to the newspapers. The General was disturbed when he saw the account and the misleading impression it created.

While no one made the mistake of saying that the General endorsed the Senator's position, his own position had not been made clear. He telephoned the Senator and protested what he felt was a misrepresentation. Nothing had been said about the fact that he favored the civil rights legislation. Nothing had been said about cloture. The Senator told the General he was profoundly sorry that the story had been misreported and that he would call the newspapers immediately to set the matter straight.

We asked President Eisenhower if he was satisfied with the correction. He said he hadn't seen all the newspapers but he knew, on the basis of his own experience, that a correction never really caught up with the original. In any event, the matter was of serious concern to him, especially since it was about civil rights.

"A modern political party in a free society should move in only one direction—forward into the future," he said. "When I say I favor the middle of the road, I don't mean that I favor a position so weak it is meaningless. My definition of the political road is all of its usable surface. That is where the road is highest and where the traction is best and where you can bring the most people along with you, as contrasted with the ruts and ditches on the extreme sides."

HE added he was concerned about the emphasis on political labels. He saw no hard and fast lines dividing genuine conservatism and genuine liberalism. It was being made to appear these days that there was an irreconcilable gap between the two. There shouldn't be any disagreement between conservatives and liberals on the need to make a better life for human beings. The difference, he said, should be over the means for doing it, not over the need to do it. Unfortunately, now and then the debate went beyond the means to the objectives. He was concerned about the growth of extremism in our political life and the failure to understand what the traditions were that must be conserved.

We asked the General how he reacted several months ago to attempts by various individuals and groups to persuade his brother Milton to become a candidate for the Presidential nomination.

"I'm going to forget the name Eisenhower and speak as objectively as I can," he said. "Milton is a remarkable man. I know few men who have the same genuine qualities of constructive leadership or the same intellectual capacity. Once he starts to speak you respond almost immediately with your confidence in him. Another most remarkable man is Robert Anderson. He not only has a grasp of the most abstruse subjects but he has the ability to transmit that understanding to others. Either one of these men would serve the American people with distinction. Unfortunately, neither is a candidate."

As we squared around in our seat, the leg of our chair brushed against his painting of the little boy walking down the country road. We picked it up again and looked at it. It had an unmistakable quality of openness and ungrudging friendliness. We liked it and said so.

"Ever since people heard I did some painting, I've received countless requests to donate my pictures," he said. "I haven't done so because I paint for my own pleasure. There's a hospital that's been after me to give them a painting. I'd like to do it, but the precedent would have the effect of making me stop my daubing—and it's fun."

It was late and we got up to leave. Outside, a large orange moon was sitting on the horizon, imparting a soft light to the fields of Gettysburg. Whatever the carrying power of the political battle-cries, it was comforting to know that there were some moments, at least, when the stillness returned to Gettysburg and the longing for quietude was met.

—N.C.

No One Here But Us

By Jeannette Nichols

5 o'clock in the morning and
no one here but us.
Here is the usual street
unusual now because sleep
is the air's caution. No motion but ours.
There should be milkmen. No one.
Of course birds, always birds even before light
and we here unusually alert
are a kind of bird, fuzzed by not knowing
where to go without conversation.
Like a popped toy gun cork a kitchen lightbulb
goes on. Someone else up.
Broken nobody-else-here-but-us-birds' Spell
and we think warmly of all the
sprawled or curled people not yet aware
we are stealing them blind,
stealing this perilous and perfect time. Shhh.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Southern Progressive

THANK YOU FOR Ralph McGill's splendid and timely "Case for the Southern Progressive" [*SR*, June 13]. Although I have always been an admirer of Mr. McGill, and may therefore be prejudiced, I feel that he is making an important contribution to the thinking of our country on this important aspect of our national character.

Too often our leading Southern and some Northern thinkers take a selfish political stance on the issue of civil rights for our American citizens. It's about time that we all united in search of honesty on this responsibility.

FREDERICK JAGEL.

Boston, Mass.

RALPH MCGILL'S ARTICLE ought to have the greatest possible circulation, especially in the South, where the moderate or liberal position has not been well or widely presented. I hope some foundation will make reprints at small cost so that the fairness and humanitarian spirit of Mr. McGill's article may be felt before the November election.

I am writing to Senator Kenneth Keating to request that it be printed in the *Congressional Record*, so that those interested may send for copies.

ELLIS S. SMITH, SR.

Syracuse, N.Y.

Woes of the Fair

ALLOW ME TO convey kudos to Horace Sutton for his pieces about the failure of the World's Fair [*SR*, June 13 and June 20]. Five hours there on a recent visit to New York left me with a similar impression.

But what Mr. Sutton failed to mention is the wide entrance and exit area where visitors to the fair come and go to the subway. The people arriving all look full of anticipation. The ones exiting are doing nothing but dragging their tails. Their faces, however, are also full of anticipation --the anticipation of leaving the Flushing city of Humbug.

REGINE KURLANDER.

Shaker Heights, O.

IN YOUR ARTICLE on the fair [*SR*, June 20] there is a misstatement of fact concerning the Walt Disney production *It's a Small World*, which is housed in the Pepsi-Cola Pavilion.

I am one of the many volunteer workers for UNICEF at the fair. Your assertion that there is a charge of ninety-five cents that goes to UNICEF is untrue. None of the proceeds from the ride go to UNICEF.

However, Pepsi-Cola has graciously provided space for UNICEF, where note paper, greeting cards, books, United Nations stamps, records, and other items are sold—the profit from which goes to UNICEF.

None of this is intended to disparage the generosity of the Pepsi-Cola and Disney organizations. We are most grateful to them for the opportunity afforded to advance UNICEF's activities and programs.

BARBARA B. GOLDSTEIN.

Great Neck, N.Y.

"We sure have a lot in common; greed and selfishness were *my* downfall, too."

Those Arduous Airlines

I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN that John Ciardi and I had something in common. Now I've discovered it—a gripe against airports [*SR*, June 6]. For twelve years I've been traveling to Rochester, Minnesota, for treatment at the Mayo Clinic. Each time I vow never to go via Chicago. First it was Midway Airport—impossibly noisy and grimy. Now it's O'Hare—worse than impossible, with that long trek from one plane to check in at a ticket counter, then another long trek to another plane. Besides, in that whole mammoth building there is only one elevator, and it belongs to Eastern Airlines. If your skycap is friendly with Eastern Airlines, you may get a ride in it. For one who has to be pushed in a wheelchair, this is a tricky business.

Once aboard, as Ciardi says, discrimination between first class and tourist is decidedly un-American. Were I a drinking woman, I would toss one off to John Ciardi and I'll be the first witness in his suit with United Airlines if he wants me.

MARGENE BETTS.

Elmira, N.Y.

Checking the Facts

I WISH TO PROTEST the irresponsible diatribe by Emile Capouya that passes for a review of Leslie Fiedler's new essay collection, *Waiting for the End* [*SR*, May 23]. . . . Of Mr. Capouya's attack on Mr. Fiedler's "Rosenbergs" essay, I can only point out that the essay, which Capouya says was written when the pair was "under sentence of death," actually begins, "Since the execution of the Rosenbergs. . . ." In this essay, which, according to Capouya, shows Fiedler giving himself permission to kill the Rosenbergs, Fiedler actually says that despite all the Rosenbergs did and all they stood for, "we should have granted them grace. The betrayal of their essential humanity by their comrades and themselves left the burden of its defense with us. This obligation we failed, and our failure must be faced up to."

It is misleading in the extreme to say, as Mr. Capouya does, of *Waiting for the End*, an extremely sensitive and well-thought-out book, that it deals "with the period since the Second World War" and that Mr. Fiedler "discusses some twenty novelists." Even a look at the table of contents would make it clear that the book aims to discuss the Thirties, or even the years prior to the Thirties. The last section, which deals with poetry, goes back to Emerson and even further.

It is painful to think that academicians, professionals, and lay readers are obliged to suffer the intemperate abuse of a "writer" like Mr. Capouya (to whom, ironically, Fiedler is a "confusion-agent"). . . .

SAMUEL BELLMAN.

Pomona, Calif.

Life with Father

YOUR POETRY EDITOR, John Ciardi, made two slight mistakes in his June 27 column. Whether he knows it or not, Myra's birthday is in March and Jonnel's is in May, not the other way around. He's not so smart. We just keep him around for allowances.

JONNEL CIARDI.
MYRA CIARDI.
BENN CIARDI.

Metuchen, N.J.

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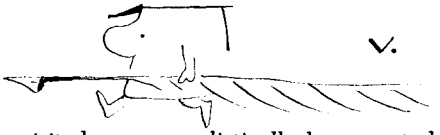
Rating the Broadcaster

THE Office of Communication of the United Church of Christ, one of the nation's largest Protestant denominations, recently petitioned the FCC to deny renewal of the licenses of two television stations in Jackson, Mississippi (*SR*, May 16). The petition touched a vital nerve of the Communications Act, which requires the commission to achieve (in Chairman E. William Henry's interpretation) "a fair distribution . . . of opportunities for local self-expression. . . ." The church group alleged, in part, that WLBT and WJTV failed to serve the Negro population in the Jackson area, estimated at more than 40 per cent of viewers. The two stations, in asking for dismissal of the petition, denied all charges of discrimination and of lack of opportunity for Negroes to participate in their programs. In its reply, WLBT (Lamar Life Broadcasting Company) attached statements from prominent leaders of half a dozen Negro institutions (schools, a newspaper, and a YMCA branch) asserting that Negroes actually have participated in the station's programs and that cooperation and facilities have been extended to them without discrimination. The United Church group plans to submit, in a continuation of its pleadings, affidavits from many Negroes who strongly support its charges of Jim Crow broadcasting in Jackson. The split among members of the Southern city's Negro community is bad news for the church petitioners.

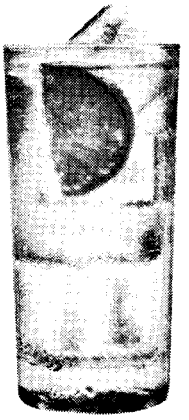
The situation places the FCC in the posture of Solomon judging the claims of the two mothers. The commission can hardly become involved in the subtleties of motivation of the opposing Negro groups. The question is: Does local self-expression exist? If a substantial section of the Negro community says yes, then the claim of the licensee that he is reasonably serving the public interest will probably be upheld. Stations can invariably drum up supporting testimony from individuals and groups who benefit from time on the air and are content with the status quo. Where does this place public-spirited groups that respond to the FCC's urging that they take an active part in evaluating the over-all performance of licensees? Such groups may be prepared for eventual dismissal of their petitions, satisfied with the knowledge that they are doing an important educational job. But these actions are time-consuming and expensive. If such groups stick their necks out, only to find, time and again, that they cannot win against the licensee's "reasonable judgment," may they not become discouraged and quit?

What becomes, then, of the commission's basic concept that the broadcasting service to the nation can be improved by a meaningful dialogue between the stations and their communities? Public groups are not always interested in aspects of broadcasting that the FCC can regulate clearly and precisely. Indeed, the United Church of Christ challenge springs largely from its concern with the civil rights movement and from its general dissatisfaction with commercial broadcasting patterns. These are things that certain sections of the public care about, but the complexity of the issues makes it difficult for the commission to support the challengers, once they have taken up the FCC's admonition to get into the act. Conversely, the areas of dispute where the commission can act unequivocally are often outside the awareness or competence of the public groups. In one report Chairman Henry commented on "the extraordinary arrogance of any claim—by a broadcaster, a government agency, or anyone else—to know, conclusively and finally, what a community's desires or needs for television service are." But when a public group comes before the FCC to question the judgment of a licensee, it often cannot match the costly expertise of counsel for the station. The group's case may be technically weak; just as its method of evaluation of station performance may be shaky.

The reaction of Congress may be imagined. Should the FCC undertake to train citizen groups to make trouble for stations? Yet without sympathetic and expert guidance, what can public-



spirited groups realistically be expected to accomplish? The commission has encouraged the public to take a more active role in shaping the nation's broadcasting; it cannot lead that public up a blind alley. It is to be hoped that when the FCC finally rules on the United Church of Christ petition, it will not merely hand down a frustrating verdict but will find some way of sustaining the public-spirited impulses it has called into being. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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New Movies for Old

OF LATE there has been a fast-developing trend toward the "anti-movie," that is, the kind of picture that, in lieu of a new plot, simply borrows an old one and kids it. A good recent example was *The Pink Panther*, which managed to bubble along for most of its way on a parody variation of the old *Raffles* story. The screen version of *From Russia with Love* is a slightly more complex anti-movie in that it parodies the already existing self-parody of Ian Fleming. The basic intent behind these movies is not to make the subject lifelike, or larger than life, but larger than fiction.

The French are doing it, too, and for evidence there is *That Man from Rio*, directed by the clever Philippe de Broca. For all we know, De Broca was handed the story straight—a wild thriller yarn about a soldier, on leave in Paris for a week, who finds himself pursuing his abducted fiancée to Brazil, getting involved with a mad professor, "Maltec" Indians, poisoned darts, ancient statuary that hides the secret to a diamond mine, and about every possible situation that would be standard to such a tale. De Broca saves it—more than that, makes it a constant delight—by turning it into parody.

As the soldier, and then Secret Agent 006 without portfolio, Jean-Paul Belmondo chases his drugged girl friend first on a jet bound for Rio, tracks her to a luxury hotel overlooking the bay, rescues her by climbing along a three-inch ledge, loses her, nearly gets run over by a speedboat in the bay, but rescues himself by clinging to a pretty waterskier who happens to be zipping by. It isn't long before he has stolen a plane, flown it without prior training, parachuted out, landed on a hungry crocodile, and so on. If he finds himself in an impossible situation, he merely finds an impossible way to get out of it. The fun is riotous, and along the way De Broca has provided some interesting (and surprisingly unhackneyed) glimpses of Rio and Brasilia and doesn't hesitate now and then to take a whack at such directors as Huston and Hawks. Reverent lovers of old movies aren't going to like it.

Blake Edwards has followed up *The Pink Panther* with another anti-movie, *Shot in the Dark*. Prospects must certainly have looked gloomy for Edwards when he took a look at the play that United Artists had unwisely purchased and that had, miraculously, managed to stagger through to a respectable run on Broadway. It was a comedy about murder and sex, but without laughs. Edwards solved the problem by bringing back Inspector Jacques Clouseau, who had so unsuccessfully dealt with the jewel thieves of *The Pink Panther*, and putting him on the trail of the *real* murderer in *Shot in the Dark*. Peter Sellers is again seen as the smooth, intrepid, but always bumbling detective who refuses to believe in the guilt of a maid found holding a smoking gun in her hand and standing over the body of her chauffeur lover. He is even more convinced of her innocence when he finds her standing, clutching a blood-stained carving knife, over another dead servant in the household of multimillionaire Benjamin Ballon (George Sanders). He decides to follow her in disguise and, when she repairs to a nudist colony, he is brave enough, in the line of duty, to divest himself of his clothes. Another corpse in the copse—further proof of her innocence!

The Sellers-Edwards method in the film is the reverse of slapstick, which is premeditated mayhem for the sake of laughs. What happens to the inspector is always unpremeditated. He just happens to be standing between a closed door and an open window when someone unexpectedly opens the door and sends him through the window. He has sagaciously attached the key to a private file to his trousers; thus, when he unlocks the file, then closes it, he naturally loses one leg of the trousers. It is all so understandable. It could happen to anyone. The laughs are fairly constant, but unfortunately Edwards now and then remembers that play he has adapted and things tend to bog down. And unlike De Broca, who varied his parody and paced his picture cleverly, Edwards here tends to stay too much on one note.

WHAT might have been an altogether brilliant satire turns out, in a new British film, *Nothing But the Best*, directed by Clive Donner, to be a misfire. The first half of this story about a young member of the working class with a desire to join the Establishment is so deft, so precise, so perfectly on target, that one has the impulse to recommend that only the first forty-seven minutes be seen, for the remaining forty-two almost totally ruin the good impression that has been made. Alan Bates, as a struggling clerk in an elegant estate agency, has his eye on the room at the top, complete with the boss's charming daughter. But his accent, his tie, his over-all style are against him. Yet it seems to him that U-status is very much a matter of U-manner. He encounters a seedy playboy of breeding (Denholm Elliot) and gives him lodging and drink in return for a course in how to behave upper-class.

So far, fine. Then, in one of those bewildering decisions that are usually ascribed to producers, the plot turns to murder. Bates throttles Elliot, puts him in a trunk, hides him in his landlady's cellar, and, when she discovers her now permanent boarder, must satisfy the lady's insatiable need for sex. Out goes the satire, and of course Bates's flimsy structure collapses with the implied message that he would have been better to stay in his class. Once throttled, by the way, Denholm Elliot is much missed, for his performance is a rare and accurate one. The trouble with the picture, though, is that they felt it necessary to turn it into a movie.

IT MAY be only coincidental, but comedy seems to be dominant among the new releases as summer advances. No need for excessive worry; a more serious motif will undoubtedly occur come September and October. Meanwhile we have on hand Pietro Germi's *Seduced and Abandoned*, in which comedy is used as a barbed way of examining mores and morals in the contemporary Sicily already examined sharply and satirically in the same director's *Divorce, Italian Style*. Unlike American comedies in which seduction may be the aim but is almost never accomplished, the seduction in *Seduced and Abandoned* takes place in the opening scenes. Thereafter, it becomes a question of what is to be done about it.

Germi's viewpoint may be satirical, but as far as the Ascalones, a middle-class Sicilian family, are concerned, the dishonoring of sixteen-year-old Agnese is no laughing matter. Family pride and honor are at stake, traditional codes are involved, and the scandalousness of the affair is further heightened by the fact that the seducer, Peppino, is already engaged to an older and homelier daughter of Vincenzo Ascalone. With that as one barrier to an immediate and arranged marriage between the two foolish and tempestuous young people, another looms when Peppino, abetted by *his* family, takes the position that he, by traditional custom, can't marry a girl who is not a virgin, even though he is responsible for her present condition. Germi, a thoroughgoing professional, builds his comedy through a variety of complications that seek to reveal the nature of his characters.

It is almost as though Germi, through these motion pictures, has embarked upon a study of the folkways of the Sicilians, and this brings up the point as

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to whether he has found a proper subject for comedy. In *Divorce, Italian Style,* the satire was evident all the way through, as Germi attacked not only ancient laws and customs, but the folkways of the cinema itself. Here he satirizes, but he also indulges in social criticism, as when he shows the latent savagery of the townspeople who taunt and menace the sixteen-year-old Agnese after she has confessed her "crime." He seems to have mixed his purposes, in other words, and the fiction tends to disappear—something that did not happen in *Divorce, Italian Style.* Then, too, in the former film the languid Sicilian aristocrat played so delightfully by Marcello Mastroianni held interest by the relative novelty of the appearance of such a character on the screen. In *Seduced and Abandoned* we are on very familiar ground. We already know about Sicilian (that is to say "old world") honor and pride and the need to maintain respectability at all costs.

The most impressive of the performances is given by Saro Urzi, who plays the outraged father with fierce gusto. Stefania Sandrelli is appropriately bewildered as the girl. The others in the cast are meticulous in their portrayals, and the details of background and the rich photography allow for no fault-finding. Yet for all the fine work in it, *Seduced and Abandoned* is less satisfying than *Divorce, Italian Style.*

Among the oddities coming in from abroad are *Los Tarantos* from Spain and *Yanco* from Mexico. Both have the quality of legend. *Los Tarantos* is clearly based on *Romeo and Juliet,* and attempts to do with the gypsies of Barcelona what was done with New York delinquents in *West Side Story.* Substitute gypsy flamenco for the music of Bernstein and the ballet of Robbins and you have the general idea. It's not very good, it's not very bad. In rather washy color a boy and girl fall fatally in love—their families are involved in a vendetta—and you know the rest. Carmen Amaya is the mother of the boy; to express her emotions she breaks into flamenco, and dance is used more or less throughout when people are being either happy or sad. With more flair and inventiveness the film might have amounted to something. *Yanco* is slighter but has more to offer. The story takes place in a small Mexican Indian village still immersed in its ancient ways. A little boy makes and plays a crude violin. He follows an old violinist and learns to play the real instrument and, when the old man dies, steals the violin every night from the store owner who has bought it. Mystifyingly, the sound of the violin is heard at night in the fields. The photography is more sensitive than the contrived sensitivity of the story.

—Hollis Alpert.

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Franc Opinions

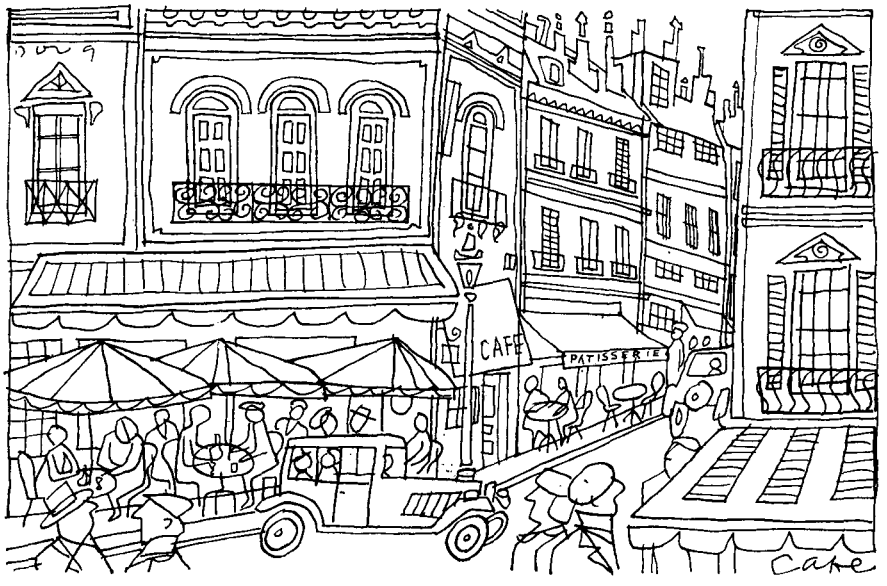
WITH all that is indestructible in Paris—the Alexander III bridge, the show at the Lido, the sharp perfume of a Gauloise across a crowded room—there is much that is transient, too. Nothing is so ephemeral as the vogue for this year's restaurant, usually some unassuming but freshly discovered corner that has been around as long as the Place de la Bastille. This year's place, I rush breathlessly to tell you, is called La Chaumière, and it finds itself, as the French are so fond of putting it, on the Ile Saint Louis in the middle of the Seine. It is so *in* that it hasn't even made the new *Guide Julliard de Paris,* which is *the* in guide book of the year.

I regret that I did not have a chance to visit this year's restaurant personally, but a friend who lives in Paris and who trots the rim of the inner circle had advised me that La Chaumière is very small, is very crowded, and is now fairly expensive, about $10 per person. Previous restaurants of the year that I had kept on file included such once-famous names as Le Petit Pavé and Le Petit Bedon, both of which I had visited with great pleasure in other years. I hastened to look them up in the new *Julliard.* Of Le Petit Pavé, *Julliard* writes, "It is two years since all Paris, all London, and all New York overwhelmed this restaurant. . . . Today one can find a place. . . . Still, it will be possible to sup there without displeasure with any pretty girl who doesn't feel she must be in the swim."

As for Le Petit Bedon, where, on my last visit a few years ago, I encountered whole swarms of wealthy Americans, *Julliard* awards a lengthy discourse on its merits. It sometimes found its cuisine a bit too scholarly perhaps, but then it was never deceived and the French and American clientele are faithful. It is useless, it says, to cite all the celebrities who have been to Le Petit Bedon, where they have "unballasted themselves" of four, five, or six ten-franc bills per person (ten francs is about $2). Both frank and thoughtful, the *Julliard* is always a delight. Citing a restaurant designed for those who laugh easily at Rabelaisian wit, it adds, rather drolly, at the end of its report, "One will laugh a little less when the check comes—ten to eleven dollars per person."

Despite the insistence of some emissaries who have vested interests in French tourism, the run-of-the-mill prices in French restaurants seemed high to me. There are, I was informed, no fewer than 400 Paris restaurants that offer menus—that is, fixed table d'hôte dinners—at $1.20, but one will do well to avail oneself of such a list before the dinner hour arrives. One cannot, really, merely stumble into a neighborhood bistro unknowingly. Lunch for two at a rather ordinary one around the corner from my hotel, a bistro in which the owner alternately showed guests to tables and hurried back to turn the brochettes cooking on the grill, came to about $8, which is not exactly bistro prices.

I did, however, in the interests of finding some inexpensive places of interest, invade St. Germain-des-Prés one night,



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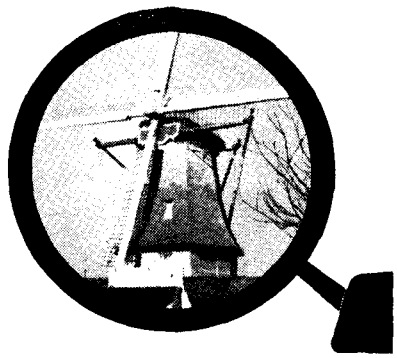

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and while avoiding such expensive dens as Le Petit Pavé, I walked along the Rue St. Benoît, which *Julliard* calls the Champs-Elysées of St. Germain. The only similarity, of course, is that both streets permit their cafés and restaurants to spread their tables on the sidewalk. It is extremely difficult to determine just which restaurant you are patronizing, for the tables seem to run among each other, and what with the crowds and the flickering candles on the tables set just inches from the gutter, you might be dining at Le Bistingo when you think you're at L'Epicerie. The two ought to be easy to discern since the space alloted to Le Bistingo permits it to place only two tables on the sidewalk. The rest are piled back in a sort of open-front garage. Dinner here, despite the rather modest decor—the sausages hanging over the bar and the candles flickering deep in the garage comprise most of it—costs between $3.50 and $5. At L'Epicerie, eighty cents buys a glass of Bordeaux, French fries, and a hamburger cooked over infrared heat. Half a dollar brings hot sausage, bread, and Bordeaux, all providing, of course, that you can get past the hungry longhairs at the door.

Perhaps the most expansive of all these places is La Brocherie, where the tables run for some seventy-five yards along a two-yard-wide sidewalk. Where the tables would block the entrance to a house, an appreciable space has been left, and the tables take up again on the far side of the doorway. It makes for quite an alfresco expedition by the waiter, but then there is probably no place else in the world where one can dine by candlelight with one's feet in the gutter.

As it turned out, we dined, on the night of these explorations, on the sidewalk, but across the river at a restaurant called Lescure. Tucked in a turning of the street, just up the block from the Tuileries, Lescure augments its sidewalk service with a bicycle-powered bar and service pantry that it wheels out every night. Dinner is good and fairly priced (figure about $3), insuring a heavy crowd of faithful adherents, among them, I was assured, many of the city's top models.

In pursuit of any information leading to inexpensive dining in Paris, we drove to Les Halles after dinner to shop Au Pied de Cochon and Alsace, two of the favorites not merely for 4 A.M. onion soup but for dinner as well. Frequented by Americans who like the native dress affected by the waitresses, Alsace runs somewhat higher than the Au Pied de Cochon, a respectable establishment where a *choucroute garni* costs eighty

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"You're not going to hang up without kissing me, are you, Herbert?"

cents, including bread. If you add a franc for beer, a passing dinner that may not exactly be La Tour d'Argent, but is not malnutrition either, will get you by for an even dollar. A look at the fancy baskets of fruit and vegetables that begin to go on display in the waning hours of the evening are part of the late floor show.

For hardly much more than that, one could dine on the Champs-Elysées in the new Pub Renault, a restaurant built by the Renault people in back of their automobile showroom. In fact, one has to walk through a tangle of shiny new Renaults to get to the restaurant in the first place. The tables and benches have been built into simulated horseless carriages, with brass racks overhead for packages, and some rather cozy coaches all but hidden from view of the other diners. The French, of course, can get romantic over a cheeseburger, and at the Pub Renault they do. Those who are not entirely satisfied with their companions may use a portable rear-view mirror to see who is coming or going, or, for that matter, smooching. A hamburger with an egg on top and a French beer would come to about $1.25, and regular hot dishes, changed daily, cost $1.40. The last page of the menu gives you the prices of Renault cars, should you want one served on the spot.

In the interests of elegance we did turn up, highly polished, at Maxim's one night, and found it full of American mayors on a flying junket upstairs, and full of international café society below. The band, as always, played the score from *Gigi*, the movie that made Maxim's famous, or more famous, and things were quite as I had left them when I was here last a few years ago. The elegant interlude that remains in my mind, however, was a late and somewhat hurried lunch—we were on our way to Malmaison—at Le Coq Hardi, a restaurant I had heard about since childhood and which, oddly enough, I had never before visited.

On Sunday afternoon, filled with elegant women and boxes of flowers everywhere, it is indeed one of the loveliest places one could be. Sitting under a bright orange canopy on terraces banked with brilliant hydrangeas, the tables covered with pink, we ordered river trout that had been smoked and encased in jelly, with a slice of egg for an eye, the skin around its middle peeled away and decorated with a bit of pimento and an estragon leaf. I couldn't help but think, in the midst of all that bliss, that if French politics were as palatable as what came out of French kitchens, the world would indeed be living in Paradise. —Horace Sutton.

Correction: In last week's column Jean Sainteny was referred to as the French minister for foreign affairs. He should have been identified as the minister for veterans' affairs.

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Democratic Liberalism

Continued from page 17

constant imaginative thinking will eventually provide a fiscally sound solution that will enable the remaining American farmers to produce the food so badly needed at home and abroad on an economic basis that will make them prosperous and content with their lives.

Eleven years ago I wrote that "white supremacy and the spoils system are the great dangers which confront liberals within the Democratic Party."

They are still, but we are on our way to overcome the danger.

Eleven years ago I wrote that the practical problems of liberals within the Democratic Party included the need to:

1. Develop a young, aggressive, enlightened leadership within the Southern states. This leadership is on its way up, the civil rights controversy to the contrary notwithstanding. I suggested that adult behavior on the part of Northern liberals was equally important. To their credit, they have behaved with maturity.

2. Develop within the great urban communities in the North intelligent leadership determined to raise the ethical and moral level of urban democracy and to curb the power of machines built on patronage and graft. This is probably still the most serious problem confronting our party, but progress has been made. The spring of 1964 has been a bad time for Democratic big-city bosses.

3. Raise the money necessary to maintain a strong organization and wage a series of political campaigns without selling out to five percenters and big contributors who use politics for personal gain. This problem remains largely unsolved. It must be faced up to, and soon. Unless it is solved, the liberals may yet lose the Democratic Party to those who would betray its principles.

Competent personnel of integrity is today, as it was eleven years ago, the great need of the liberal movement. But President Kennedy took a huge step forward when he recognized that the philosophy of the reformers in the universities becomes the action platform of liberal politicians of the next generation. The problem today is that we have no time to wait. This Kennedy realized, and President Johnson has followed his lead. There is no lack of forward-looking brainpower in the party at the national level. But politics today must be made both attractive and feasible to the younger generation. The vast potential reserve of political leadership coming from the schools and universities, springing racially from many roots and with the competence to deal on an adult basis with the complex problems that the future holds for all of us must be encouraged.

McCarthyism has been defeated. Conservation of natural resources is moving forward. Mass transit, open spaces for our urban dwellers, and the protection of our river systems and flood and pollution control are well under way.

When Mr. Dooley suggested that he saw "gr-reat changes takin place ivry day, but no change at all ivry fifty years," he summarized with characteristic charm the liberal impatience. The agenda is crowded and the setbacks always seem to outnumber the advances.

Yet there is room for much satisfaction as well. Only yesterday labor, management, and the investor faced each other belligerently convinced that the economic pie was hardly large enough to go around, with the result that one group's slice could be increased only at the expense of another's. Today's growing consensus is that we have mastered the arts of economic analysis and planning sufficiently so that private skills and public policy can create bigger pieces of pie for all.

If we have yet to solve the problem of medical care for the aged, there is comfort in watching the AMA hail the advantages of private health insurance and the Kerr-Mills Act, two approaches it so roundly denounced only a few years ago.

If the United States Chamber of Commerce can still condemn urban renewal "on principle," hundreds of local chambers are working with the federal legislation to restore the vitality of their cities.

If the size of the Wallace vote in recent primary elections has been discouraging, liberals must also recognize the willingness of businessmen in most of the nation to find qualified Negroes to employ.

And if our Babbitts are still mumbling the charge that federal aid means federal controls, the fact is that thousands of students and hundreds of colleges are more secure because of the National Defense Education Act, which is federal aid with semantic balm.

These and similar achievements are the consequences of the liberal's demand for a free society that gives genuine meaning to the notion of free choice. They have been the rewards of impatience in the past. The goals of today's liberal, his visions of that good society in which each person is given the opportunity to achieve the maximum allowed by his real abilities, may seem beyond our achievement. But they are not.

The question still remains, however (with apologies to Lincoln): Can a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal long endure when its *modus operandi* is a government of, by, and for the people?

The liberal Democrat's answer to that question is yes. As the world becomes more complex, as problems of government become more difficult of solution, as the need for competence in public office increases, so must this need be met by those liberals mostly, but not entirely Democrats, who are prepared to face up to the challenges of the second half of the twentieth century.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

NO ABSENCE OF OCCUPATION

Each of the works below belongs to an author whose name is also an occupation. Threba Johnson of New Canaan, Connecticut, asks you to identify them. Pay-off on page 41.

(1) *Dracula*
(2) *The Crucible*
(3) *Ship of Fools*
(4) *The Big Sleep*
(5) *A Fine Madness*
(6) *The Pathfinder*
(7) *Gimpel the Fool*
(8) *The African Queen*
(9) *The Green Goddess*
(10) *The Way of All Flesh*
(11) *She Stoops to Conquer*
(12) *The Blackboard Jungle*
(13) *Fancies and Goodnights*
(14) *Church, State, and Education*
(15) *Hollywood, the Dream Factory*
(16) *The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book*
(17) *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage*
(18) *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*
(19) *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art*
(20) *A Voyage to the Pacific Ocean in 1776-80*

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Headmaster for Hero

IN ALMOST all of his novels—and he has written many—Louis Auchincloss has devoted himself to the upper class, the well bred and well heeled, and he has found there an admirable field for his talents. In *The Rector of Justin* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95) he portrays a peculiarly upper-class institution, an Episcopal school for boys—such a school as Groton, which Auchincloss himself atttended. The center of attention, however, is not an institution but a man, Francis Prescott, founder and headmaster of Justin Martyr.

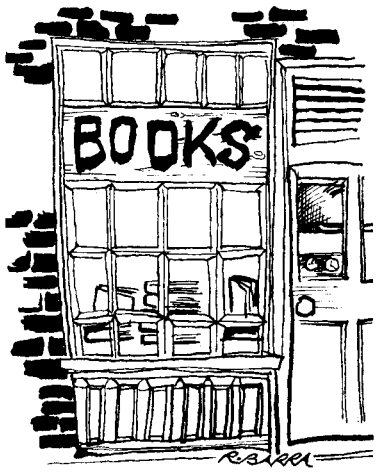
Prescott, whom we first meet when he is eighty, is an uncommonly complex character, a forceful man, energetic and shrewd, completely devoted to the school, an heroic figure and to some godlike. Yet he can be described as "petty, vain, tyrannical, vindictive, even cruel," and we see evidence of all these traits in the course of the story.

To present this complex character Auchincloss has devised a complicated form. He lays down the foundation of the novel with extracts from the journal of Brian Aspinwall, who, at the age of twenty-seven, has become a teacher of English at Justin. He is rather a weak young man, but he is an honest one: "I am shy and lack force of personality, and my stature is small. I stammer when I am nervous, and my appearance is more boyish than manly." At first he is even more frightened of Dr. Prescott than he is of the boys, but in time he becomes friendly with Mrs. Prescott, to whom, in her last illness, he reads Henry James. After her death he is more intimate with the rector, admires him extravagantly, and resolves to become his Boswell.

These opening chapters are superbly done. Brian Aspinwall turns out to be much more of a person than he seemed at the outset, a man who has strong points as well as weak ones. Mrs. Prescott is beautifully drawn, a sharp-tongued old lady who knows her own mind. But, of course, the rector is the central figure. We see how he dominates the school, how difficult he can be and how helpful. As Brian learns more and more about him, we realize that Prescott is quite different from the public image of him and much more interesting.

Although Brian's journal is an excellent devise for introducing the rector, Brian's knowledge is limited. Auchincloss has therefore made use of other documents. One of Prescott's oldest friends, Horace Havistock, comes to visit, and Brian persuades the man to let him see something he has written about Prescott. This shows Prescott as a boy and young man, and tells how he lost his faith, found it again, and brought the school into existence.

We return to Brian, but only for long enough for him to tell us about David Griscam, chairman of the school's board of trustees and the rector's chief financial adviser. Griscam, too, it seems, has been writing about Prescott, and he offers to show Brian what he has done. He attended Justin when it was only five years old, became devoted to the rector, and has served him faithfully.



He tells a neat story about a problem in student discipline that throws further light on Prescott.

Since Brian has now made up his mind to write a biography of the rector, he goes to see his youngest daughter, Cordelia Turnbull. Having been psychoanalyzed, she talks to Brian with a frankness that shocks him. She tells him about the men in her life, particularly Charley Strong, with whom she lived in Paris after the First World War. As she describes her father's intervention in this case, we have a new view of the rector.

Two more witnesses, both dead, are called on for testimony. It appears that Charley Strong left a brief account of his impressions of the rector at Justin

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and later in Paris. More important is the statement of Jules Griscam, who was one of Prescott's failures. Rebelling against his father, that great benefactor of Justin, Jules turned against Dr. Prescott and openly defied him, referring to him as an "old charlatan" and speaking of his "vaudeville nature." Yet Jules, with all his rebellion, bears witness to the power of Dr. Prescott.

For the conclusion Auchincloss relies on Brian's journal. In the six years that have elapsed since the beginning of the story, Brian has left Justin, studied in a divinity school, and returned to Justin. Although he has retired, the rector lives near the school and takes a lively interest in it, putting the new headmaster in an unpleasant position. There seems a possibility that Prescott may assert his power in dangerous ways, but at last he learns humility.

Auchincloss has been remarkably successful in making us feel that Prescott is, in many ways, a great man. I don't know whether Auchincloss had some real headmaster in mind, and it doesn't matter whether he did or not, for the rector of the novel is a creation of the imagination, no matter whom he may resemble. Repeatedly Auchincloss introduces allusions to *King Lear*, and, though resemblances are not close, both Prescott and Lear are old men bereft of the power that was theirs for years. Brian says, near the end, "Wouldn't I rather see Dr. Prescott, if he *must* play an active role, howl like the anguished Lear in the tempest and ultimately bring ruin to all?" But this is exactly what, though tempted, the rector does not do, and that is the measure of his greatness.

I have always admired Auchincloss's craftsmanship and his prose, but most of his novels, though interesting enough, have failed to excite me. The subject of *The Rector of Justin* does not seem to promise excitement—the octogenarian headmaster of a small private school—and yet I was swept along by it, for the revelation of Prescott's character is fascinating. Auchincloss admires Henry James greatly—which is nothing to be held against him—and has learned much from his work. I am not sure that James would have approved of the way the book is put together, with the none too plausible introduction of various documents; but he could not have said, as he did say about many writers, that the author had failed to make the most of his *donnée*. For the method does work, and we do come to feel the reality, the complicated reality, of Francis Prescott. As the rector himself comes to realize, his kind of headmaster could not exist in the modern world, but it is good for us to meet an heroic character from the not too distant past.

—Granville Hicks.

French Scandals to Spanish Morals

The affaire Mauriac continues to sizzle in the summer heat of Paris. Born in 1885, Francois Mauriac has had time to become through his novels, poems, essays, and plays a gray eminence of French letters. He has been one of the forty immortals of the French Academy since 1933 and bagged a Nobel Prize in 1952. It has been said of his novels, the most famous of which picture tortured family lives in the Bordelais region, "Mauriac has brought Dostoevsky within everyone's grasp." When he began to review books for the *Figaro Littéraire*, he pen-whipped those who collided with his conservative politics or his Christian morality. When his antagonist Sartre compared General de Gaulle's mustache with Hitler's, Mauriac reminded Jean-Paul publicly that wall-eyed opponents of the General should not invite odious comparisons.

M. Mauriac, it seems, knew another writer who irritated him even more than did Sartre, and this summer the old aristarch overplayed his hand, unleashing a scandal that is still reverberating.

Mauriac's victim was to be one of France's bad boys of letters, Roger Peyrefitte, author of twelve novels of varying quality and dubious taste. Peyrefitte had been through a checkered diplomatic career, broken by his flagrant espousal of pagan, homosexual love—a cult strengthened by his stint as embassy secretary in Athens. Ever since his first erotic novel, *Special Friendships (Amitiés particulières)* of 1944, won a Prix Renaudot, he has apparently raised the hackles of M. Mauriac, as well as those of the Quai d'Orsay ministers, by his "key-novels about those in the French diplomatic service."

The hostility boiled over this summer when Mauriac objected in the *Figaro Littéraire* to the televising of scenes from Peyrefitte's *Amitiés*, which required young actors to portray homosexuals. The irrepressible Peyrefitte responded in the weekly *Arts* that he had proof of Mauriac's own pederasty, and that Jacques Chabannes, Mauriac's successor as president of the Société des Gens de Lettres, had encouraged him to expose "the most monumental intellectual fraud of the century."

Everyone enjoys a literary scandal. Mauriac's success had made him enemies, as had his harsh treatment of authors and their publishers. The affaire Mauriac was soon in all the newspapers of France, including the *Journal du Parlement*. Even worse, because Mauriac had been an apologist for General de Gaulle, whose probity is high but whose popularity is low, all the anti-Gaulliste forces are exploiting Mauriac's silent discomfiture. Typically, the *Canard Enchaîné* pictures de Gaulle interrupting Mauriac, author of a *Life of Jesus*, at prayer in Notre Dame Cathedral (celebrating its 800th birthday a year late because of Pope John XXIII's death): "What's the use of praying, Mauriac? After your devotions of last year, there's been my prostate and your Peyrefitte."

The first chapter of the *Secret Life of Salvador Dali* (1952) asked the question, "Am I a genius?" Now the Catalan painter has supplied us with the answer in the title of his *Diary of a Genius (Journal d'un génie)*. He summed up its contents for the *Nouvelles littéraires*: "Conceptions of a moral order, notably erotic events of my private life and political ideas in disagreement with our epoch." Dali practices some self-censorship, however, and he draws the curtain over certain of his more intimate dadas, such as a fetish for cruelty. "For example, I like very much to torture animals. The dream of my life would be to see a lion die of hunger." He disowns a similar penchant for seeing human beings suffer, although in his *Secret Life* he described arranging for the decapitation of a playmate he disliked. We shall no doubt be privileged to read in English this second volume of sur-

—*Wide World.*

Dali and his "Venus"—"intimate dadas."

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realist autobiography, prepared in collaboration with Michel Déon.

Hopeful for thawing winds from the East, editors read attentively a recent conversation in Berlin between Günter (*The Tin Drum*) Grass, Uwe Johnson, and Constantin Simonov. The last could serve as an important weather vane, since he was editor of *Novy Mir* when it refused to publish *Doctor Zhivago*. That a thaw is called for was apparent from the outset, when Simonov expressed total ignorance of Kafka, whose works are about to be translated into Russian for the first time. The only topic on which there was agreement was the French "new novel," scorned by all three and thus "not an issue between East and West." After Simonov had defended his position in the Pasternak case and had characterized the latter Nobel defaulter as "an admirable poet but a wretched prose writer," the following exchange took place:

SIMONOV: Imagine yourself as just having written a novel in which we read that one should recognize the German Democratic Republic, that a confederation of the two states is to be desired. Would it be easy for you to find a publisher?

GRASS: I cede to Johnson who wishes to reply.

JOHNSON: Yes. I have already practically fulfilled your conditions. I wrote the story of a man who visits the German Democratic Republic and is so taken with the accomplishments of that country that, in an inadvertent moment, he pronounces those words pregnant with consequences, "Let's be grateful to the German Democratic Republic," albeit without thinking of political gratitude. It merely meant that he was grateful for the fact. All I can say is that my publisher accepted it immediately.

SIMONOV: That I must read straight off.

American readers will be pleased to know that the commune of Chianciano Terme (pop. 5,489) is offering a million liras for the best Italian poetry published between July 1963 and August 1964. This would correspond to news that Ashtabula, Ohio, is announcing an annual purse for poetry. No country honors the arts and letters so parochially as does Italy. Even the mountain hamlet of Caprese shares with Florence and Rome this summer the week of ceremonies commemorating Michelangelo's death 400 years ago. These small-town ceremonials are a joy to behold. A couple of years ago I motored over the highest ridge of the Apennines to the Abruzzi town of Teramo, where I sat through four hours of pomp and speechifying. All the citizenry and peasantry sweltered in the flag-festooned city hall, with melting *carabinieri* standing as stiffly as Swiss guards. From the prefect down, every high official on the public payroll

Sovfoto.

Constantin Simonov—"weather vane."

made a speech in praise of literature. Endless telegrams were read, voicing praise and regrets from every national literary figure. Three recipients of prizes read copiously from their works. No one left the hall during the entire session. Let it not be said that Italy, intent on its own economic and industrial miracle, neglects its authors, even those who cannot win a Nobel Prize in the wake of Deledda, Pirandello, and Quasimodo. Indeed, it was while I was attending one of these minor award affairs, the Tor Margana dinner, that Quasimodo, recipient on the occasion, confided to me that this prize—because longer coveted—gave him more satisfaction than had the Nobel itself.

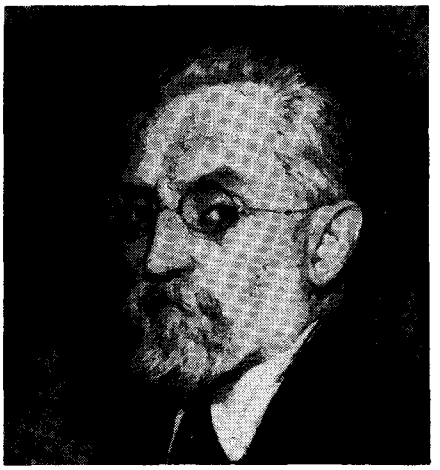
Come to think of it, why *not* the Ashtabula Annual Poetry Award?

Did you ever wonder whether the Swiss had uneasy consciences over being custodians of so many ill-got millions—deposited by Europe's anonymous tax-evaders, by dictators, by ex-royalty, by Mafiosi, and so on? If literature is the gauge, they are indeed troubled. Of all people, one of their own best writers, Walter Weideli, has pricked their consciences with his new play, *The Faceless Banker*. The tragedy deals not with services rendered to a Perón or a Farouk, but with the long-forgotten bankruptcy of the French politician Necker. Even though Weideli is literary editor of the conservative *Journal de Genève* and despite the fact that no one has yet read his script, a petition has been circulated to forbid the opening of the play in Geneva this summer. It's not merely that since Calvin and Rousseau people have tried to close the theaters of Geneva. It's that business about conscience making cowards of us all. Then, too, Weideli's best book so far is his study on Brecht (available in an American paperback since last year), and we all know Brecht's opinion of bankers.

Europe commemorates this year not only the anniversaries of Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Michelangelo, but also the centenary of Unamuno's birth.

Miguel de Unamuno, author of stimulating and fanciful novels, stories, poems, and essays, is acclaimed with reservations by Spain as her greatest writer of the present century. There is the embarrassing fact that two of his works are on the Index of Forbidden Books. There is the fact that a commemorative ceremony a few years ago at the University of Salamanca (his native town) backfired and resulted in widespread criticism of the Basque professor, who died in the early days of the Spanish Civil War. Traditionalist Spain finds his philosophy and his Christianity too unorthodox. Little translated into English, he has remained unknown to most Americans. It is welcome news that the Bollingen Foundation is preparing to issue his extensive complete works in English so that the English-speaking world may itself evaluate the provocative author who has so often been likened to Pirandello. I cannot refrain from quoting his intelligent words on this resemblance, penned in 1923: "The Italian critics have often associated his name with mine. In fact, from the little I have known till now of the Sicilian writer, I've seen as in a mirror many of my most intimate attitudes. More than once I have said to myself, 'I could have written those very words!' And I am almost certain that just as I knew nothing of Pirandello's, he knew nothing of mine. One senses his originality, and it is because I sense him to be original that I recognize myself in him. A writer never recognizes himself in an imitation, no matter how ably done."

—ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.



—Detail from a painting by Ignacio Zuloaga, courtesy of The Hispanic Society of America.

Miguel de Unamuno—no imitation.

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Five Sides to Strategy

View From the Seventh Floor, *by W. W. Rostow (Harper & Row. 178 pp. $4), attempts to explain our foreign policy—our objectives, their application, and the relation of diplomacy and military policy with respect to the cold war and the building of a vital world community. Formerly chief economic adviser to Burma, Louis J. Walinsky is currently working on a book to be entitled "Building the Great Society."*

By LOUIS J. WALINSKY

IF YOU have feared from time to time as certain foreign policy crises flared that hard-nosed, trigger-happy generals in the Pentagon were over-ruling more intelligent, perceptive, and moderate types in the State Department's Policy Planning Council, and hoped that in the future the latter would increasingly prevail, you are in for a rude shock. W. W. Rostow's *View From the Seventh Floor* reveals the chairman of the Policy Planning Council to be as myopic, hard-nosed, and ready to pull the nuclear trigger as any of them. He too evidently (a much and loosely used word in this loose little book) eats his beefsteak raw—and likes it. "For its execution, such a policy requires that the military and civil arms of the government work together in the greatest intimacy and respect. The progress made in this direction over recent years has been substantial. . . ." Obviously, the academician is comfortable with the brass. The context in which this quotation appears—a discussion of the relation between power and diplomacy in our global strategy—contains also such nuggets as the following:

> . . . there is hardly a diplomatic relationship we conduct that is not colored by an assessment of United States military power and by the circumstances in which we are likely to bring it into play. Our military capabilities and our will to use them . . . are the inescapable backdrop for the whole of our civil policy.

> The military initiatives with respect to Laos and Vietnam . . . would have had no serious effect on the course of events unless the communist leaders concerned were convinced that echeloned behind these limited demonstrations of force there were both the capabilities and the will to deal with every form of escalation they might mount in response, up to and including all out nuclear war.

> One would hope that it is now understood, after the crises of the past several years, that the American people, as well as their government, accept the fact that the heart of a credible deterrent in a nuclear age lies in being prepared to face the consequences, should deterrence fail.

Such statements set the tone for an irritating, self-assured, at times superficial, and not very well-integrated book which, because of the author's official position, is profoundly disquieting as well. I am disturbed by the narrowness of Mr. Rostow's view, which sees the scope of foreign-policy planning as stretching "over the full range of national security problems"; by his readiness to accept escalation of limited confrontations with the communists, as in Laos and Vietnam, into full-scale nuclear war; by the evasiveness and patronizing attitude that mark his discussion of the Atlantic partnership; by his stated disposition to conduct almost every diplomatic relationship with military force visibly lurking in the near background. The Kennedy round of tariff negotiations with the Common Market, our discussions looking to the strengthening of the international currency clearance system, the negotiation of aid agreements with developing countries are also diplomatic relations, after all. I am also disturbed by his overly lush enconiums of Federal Germany as our key European partner in the Atlantic Community and by his provocative re-emphasis on German reunification—along with arms control and disarmament—as *the* crucial cold war issues.

I am disturbed most of all by the superficiality of Mr. Rostow's view of the struggle with communism, which sees our necessary responses primarily in military terms; which mentions but does not give adequate weight to the vast changes taking place within the communist "bloc," both within and among its members, and especially to the implications of the Sino-Soviet rift; and which shows no appreciation at all of the intimate relation between our domestic and our foreign policy—between the progress we make towards basic democratic ideals and objectives at home, and the impact of such progress on the hearts and minds of men in other countries where the ideological and sometimes physical struggle with communism is being waged.

Because I agree with Mr. Rostow's emphasis on the crucial role of the new, developing nations in this struggle, I suggest to him that he reflect on the implication of the following thoughts, so absent from his own, for our foreign policy. I suggest to him also that these implications, voiced in *Prospect for America: The Rockefeller Panel Report,* are profound:

> The strength of communism's attempt to steal the vocabulary of freedom could come about because the concepts of freedom, human dignity and social justice are too often used without a sense of inner conviction in the free world. No more important task confronts all nations of the free world than to give more concrete meaning to the values they profess.

And, from the same source: "Whatever America seeks to do in the world, it must first *be* at home."

Based for the most part on talks given by Mr. Rostow since he moved from the White House staff to the State Department in December 1961, *View From the Seventh Floor* attempts to explain our foreign policy—our broad objectives, their application, and the relation of diplomacy and military policy as these center on the themes of the cold war and and the building of a "robust and vital world community." Mr. Rostow develops these ideas in accordance with the "five dimensions" of our global strategy: the strengthening of our ties with other advanced Free World nations; the bolstering of the developing nations' efforts to create independent, modern societies; the forging of new ties between "North" and "South"; the building of requisite military strength, while seeking seriously at the same time verifiable arms control and disarmament; the defense of the community of free nations in ways that minimize the possibility of nuclear war, while simultaneously striving "to draw the nations now under communist regimes toward the Free World community by both ruling out the expansion of communism and [by] exploiting specific areas of overlapping interest which we believe will increasingly emerge as the strength, unity and effectiveness of the free community is demonstrated."

Our post-World War II policy decision to help build a prosperous and united Europe closely linked to North America was and remains wise, says Mr. Rostow, but "we are now in the midst of a decade which will test whether that policy is, in fact, viable." The two major problems are "the transition in the relations between Europe and the United States from dependence to partnership" and the working-out of this partnership's

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machinery of political consultation vis à vis the communist and the developing worlds. I find it patronizing to speak at this late date only of a transition to, rather than of a de facto partnership and to say conditionally that Europe "if it unites" has "the political energy and will to return to the world scene on a new basis." (Where does Rostow think they are now?)

On the nuclear weapon partnership Rostow is nothing less than evasive. While the simplest solution would be for Europe to forego the weapon "and leave the job to the United States," "we understand why our friends in Europe may not be content" with this solution. The second solution, "for each nation to command its own nuclear capability," would be—for some reason I cannot fathom—to deny the possibility of collective security in a nuclear age. Did the existence of national armies before the nuclear age deny the possibility of collective security arrangements then?) The best policy, therefore, is to look to arrangements "which would increase the effective degree of partnership . . . without diminishing the effectiveness and unity of our collective security deterrent." But don't ask whose finger will be on the trigger, whose finger on the safety catch. "It has been our view that these ultimate questions could not and should not now be settled immediately and finally." If this isn't evasion, what is it? These "new and insoluble questions" could keep the transition to partnership in transit for some time—even long enough for NATO to fall apart. One begins to have more sympathy for General de Gaulle.

I SHALL not add much to my previous comment on Rostow's Germany policy, which is highly colored, I fear, by Germany's loyal "cooperation" on the nuclear weapons question. I challenge, however, his evaluation that it was "German energy, competence and will to express its national feeling and identity in a large way on the world scene" between 1860 and 1945 that "created the greatest problems." It is shocking to suggest that Hitler's diseased Germany post-1932 was in the mainstream of modern German thought. And if in our continuous discussions with Federal Germany "the issue of Germany still split . . . must be dealt with . . . with the greatest concern and seriousness," is this not—plainly stated—provocation?

The developing nations especially trouble Mr. Rostow because the modernization they seek involves basic economic and political change—even turbulence—and because communism seeks to exploit this turbulence in order to seize power. His analysis of why the difficulties of transition make the successful operation of political democracy in these countries an exceedingly difficult task is good. I wish though I were as confident as he that what all these countries want is modernization. To me it seems that what some of them want is the benefits rather than the process. The governments of still others affirm the desire for modernization because it is politically expedient to do so; whether they really seek it is another question. And, finally, it is naïve of Mr. Rostow, in minimizing the communist appeal to these countries, to point out that modernization benefits everybody. What people in the developing countries are keenly conscious of is that it benefits some a great deal more than it does others. This they quarrel about—even as you and I.

THE communists, says Rostow, are "the scavengers of the modernization process," preying "on every division, weakness, uncertainty. . . ." But what do we do to prevent or correct such weaknesses? Granted the difficulties of practicing democracy in the developing nations, what should we do, and why, when breakdown occurs and dictatorship results, or remains in power, for that matter? Why have we—do we—help so many reactionary and dictatorial regimes? The cold war answer—that they are "stable" and anti-communist—belies our national ideals and democratic faith. We would do better to seek, through a democratic "internationale," to subvert such governments in favor of truly democratic regimes. Otherwise we find ourselves—how often!—identified with the oppressors, and permit the communists to espouse and provide leadership for (and eventually capture?) the peoples' legitimate cause.

This, basically, is the situation that underlies the "guerrilla warfare" problem on which Rostow places so much stress in superficial "good guy-bad guy" terms. He is unfortunately willing to support and protect nations (read regimes) which "will protect their independence *and move in their own ways and their own time toward human freedom and political democracy.*" (My italics.) In other words, we don't really care how rotten they are, so long as they don't make common cause with the communists. Mr. Rostow, one observes, is a Machiavellian too. I insist that in this day and age, in this kind of fight, to be expedient, sophisticated, and unmoral is a losing tactic.

Although I am keenly interested professionally in Mr. Rostow's observations in the chapters "The Nationalization of Take-Off" and "How to Make a National Market," I shall not comment on them here, since they are at best remotely tangential to his argument. I will say only that there is a great deal more to these questions than seems to be readily observable from the seventh floor of the State Department.

And now, finally, to the cold war, with which Mr. Rostow's *View* begins and ends. We have, he notes, turned back the two great communist offensives of the post-World War II era. We face now the prospect of a third round, "in which the fundamental diplomatic issues and problems involved remain precisely what they were in the immediate postwar days"—namely, arms control and the re-unification of Germany.

"My computer doesn't understand me"

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(He really stated this much better early in the book. "The ultimate question at issue is whether this small planet is to be organized on the principles of the communist bloc or on the principles of voluntary cooperation among independent nation-states dedicated to human freedom.")

Since "as of the present time no one can say with confidence whether the Soviet Union is prepared to move toward a definite settlement of the critical issues of arms control and disarmament . . . or towards a system of mutual security combined with the right of self-determination in Central Europe" (for this last read German re-unification), we must anticipate "that Soviet leaders will feel almost an historical duty to exploit gaps in the will, capacity and unity of the West." Therefore we must: maintain strength and unity; remain prepared to counter any communist thrust; continue to demonstrate that the developing areas can grow in independence; and, in general, "so behave as to make nuclear blackmail . . . counterproductive. . . ." Rostow sees "no signs that peace will suddenly break out and the cold war come to an end. . . . But if we in the West demonstrate a capacity to persist doggedly along the lines of current policy and commitment . . . we have every reason to believe not only that we shall not be buried but that the principles for which we stand shall triumph."

This last chapter is called "The Way to Victory." I believe with Mr. Rostow that we shall win. But I suggest that there are more roads than one to victory. Some may be quicker, less costly, more humane, truer to our ideals, and to our best selves than others. It will be obvious to the reader that I don't really think Mr. Rostow has got hold of one of the better combinations.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1092

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1092 will be found in the next issue.

GAL ARM LOST BAT WRET BL KT

RO TRCFH CXMTC ERH MFTTQ

BXFF OLLO.

ALGTFF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1091

We often tremble at an empty terror; but the false fancy brings a real misery.
—SCHILLER.

The Feminine *Tragique*

Newsweek photo by Phil MacMullan.

Eve Merriam—"a scathing flourish."

After Nora Slammed the Door—American Women in the 1960s: The Unfinished Revolution, *by Eve Merriam (World. 236 pp. $4.95), challenges the legends that cause so many adult females in this country to live "below spiritual and moral subsistence levels." A critic and free-lance writer, Marya Mannes is the author of the recently published collection of essays and verse "But Will It Sell?"*

By MARYA MANNES

FOR ALMOST twenty years, and until quite recently, the condition of Woman in our society has not been thought of as a pressing problem. Modern gadgets had given her time, cosmetics had made her beautiful, clothes had made her chic, husbands had spoiled her, and education had made her equal. The American woman, in short, had never had it so good. There was apparently nothing the matter with her that a wedding band and a full house couldn't cure. To this most of the psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, clergymen, editors, and poll-answerers said a solemn amen.

But some women didn't. In the last year the most publicized doubter has been Betty Friedan, whose *The Feminine Mystique* examined the widespread malaise she had found in American housewives bereft of identity and purpose in their nursery lives, and searching for larger dimensions. Distant thunder kept rumbling in books like Elisabeth Mann Borgese's *Ascent of Woman*, in the University of California's *The Potential of Woman*, and in magazine articles by women writers.

Now sheet-lightning has struck in Eve Merriam's book: a rousing challenge to the legends about Man and Woman that some of us know to be major reasons for what she calls "The Unfinished Revolution."

In Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, Helmer says to Nora, "Before all else you are a wife and mother." Nora's answer, "That I no longer believe. I believe that before all else I am a human being, just as much as you are—or at least that I should try to become one," shocked the listening ears of the nineteenth century. Eve Merriam has found that Nora's words are still not fully understood.

With far more style and humor than Mrs. Friedan, many of whose essential conclusions she yet affirms, Eve Merriam asks what keeps our American Noras from finding their place in our world. It should surprise none but the blind of heart that many of her answers could apply as well to another—and now more crucial—revolution, that of the American Negro. Both Woman and Negro have been limited in their development as full members of the human race less by their physical characteristics than by the image of them created for centuries in the minds of their social and economic masters. Only by sustaining it could both Man and White retain their superiority; to the detriment, Mrs. Merriam makes clear, of society as a whole.

In her chapter "The Myth of the Natural Woman," she repeats parts of the generalized "admass" litany:

"Women feel guilty when they work. (They are neglecting their homes and children.)" "Women feel guilty when they don't work. (They are not contributing to society.)" "They are emasculating their husbands. (Making them help with housework and child care.)" With a scathing flourish in prose and in poems, Mrs. Merriam shreds these and other attitudes, including the Matriarchal Myth, the Myth of the Total Housewife (and Total Mother), the tag of the Aggressive-Frustrated-Career-Woman (although she offers good reasons for her

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existence), the Myth of Momism, and the myth of equality achieved.

For their continued acceptance she blames women as well as men, and would surely affirm the recently expressed opinion of President Thomas Mendenhall of Smith College that modern woman hasn't mentally emancipated herself.

In her last chapter Mrs. Merriam offers what seem to me some valuable solutions for what she terms the breakdown of family living: the failure of the "nuclear family unit" to provide for fuller development of men, women, and children. Her suggestions might seem radical only to those who confuse communal with communes, planning with socialism, and straight thinking with subversion. "We need new ways-and-means committees," she writes, "to review the entire institution of marriage and family life. For while the family has been conceded to be a social institution in theory, in practice it has been left to its own isolate resources. Those resources are not sufficient. . . . The majority of us are living below spiritual and moral subsistence levels."

Nora knew this. The pity of it is that Helmer will probably not read this book. He would learn a lot more about Nora and himself if he did. And we might be a stronger, freer race of men and women.

We need to redesign and relocate the family unit today, even as our cities have to be decentralized and the traffic load on our colossal highways diverted. The shrunken family needs to be extended. This does not mean having more children so that there will be more hands on deck and also more astronomic college costs to face. Nor does it mean having grandparents, maiden aunt and bachelor uncle move back in. What we require is a planned community family: a relocation of the nuclear family into an altogether new kind of housing project. This would not be the homogenized kind we are now familiar with, that simply duplicates on a grotesquely large scale the same isolated cubbyholes we inhabit already. . . .This new family housing would have many different kinds of apartments, suitable for all kinds of individual family units. One thing only would be uniform: that part of the rent be paid not in money but in service to the community family at large.

Those of grandmother and grandfather age might contribute their service rent in baby-sitting hours; in the company of young children, they would become less ingrown, less preoccupied with their own aging, for the truism holds that youngsters keep one young. At the same time, children would be enriched by having the company of someone other than a teen-age sitter. Too many children live in a sanitized universe within their cubbyhole families today; deprived of the company of old people, they are unacquainted with sickness and death as part of the life cycle.

The genuine worry that our children are growing up with undue female influence could be countered by male tenant services in the local gymnasium and recreation centers. Housewives might pay their service rent in shopping and cooking for the families of working mothers. The working mothers in turn might teach week-end seminars on careers for teenagers. All ages could contribute service rent to a science hobby shop, a photography dark room, a circulating library, a chorus, a little theater. More menial services would also be apportioned, such as the upkeep of the grounds.

It is possible that with such community family living, the term "cooperative housing" might take on real meaning and not refer, as it does at present, solely to a large down payment and monthly carrying charges thereafter.

—*From "After Nora Slammed the Door."*

Greece Had a Word for the Future

—*From the book.*

Edith Hamilton—"lucidity."

The Ever-Present Past, *by Edith Hamilton (Norton. 189 pp. $4.50), reveals through the posthumous collection of miscellaneous writing by the late Greek scholar and translator the essence of a wise and witty mind. Esther Cloudman Dunn is Professor Emeritus of English at Smith College, as well as author and critic.*

By ESTHER CLOUDMAN DUNN

THE SHARPNESS and lucidity that marked Edith Hamilton's image for a wide public are evident in *The Ever-Present Past,* a collection of essays, papers, and reviews brought together by Doris Fielding Reid, her editor and friend.

Whether she writes of the Greeks themselves, Plato, Socrates, the tragedians, or of William Faulkner and Dylan Thomas and the "sad young men," or of education and religion, Edith Hamilton speaks to the world we are in the midst of, with its confusions, its myopic preoccupation with here and now. Never lecturing us, she invites comparison with the past, especially the Greek past. The word "way," which, significantly, appeared in the title of her first book, *The Greek Way,* is the dynamic key to all her thinking. The truth is a way, on its way, never static.

Miss Hamilton expresses fear that in the world of education, to which she gave so much of her life before her brilliant writing career began at the age of sixty-three, we are "headed toward a standardization of mind." "Genuine education," she observes, "is possible only when people realize that it has to do with persons, not with movements." And she cites the Greeks as witness to this fact.

She notes what the institutionalizing of the Roman world did to early Christianity; the Greeks would have avoided the "dangers of formalism." Today the beginnings of flexibility in the Roman Church indicate a movement in the direction Miss Hamilton would have wished for.

In our time, so conscious of and so concerned about the precious gift of freedom, she reminds us, freedom is an individual matter. It is a "way." "It cannot be discovered once for all." Responsibility, moreover, "is the price every man must pay for freedom." This, one hopes, is beginning to be understood and acted upon, however slowly.

Miss Hamilton is witty and merciless in her estimate of twentieth-century literature. She knows that every age has had its sad young men, and on this score she takes young Aldous Huxley and Joseph Wood Krutch for a glorious ride. When she comes to Dylan Thomas and the "private idiom," her judgment, flexi-

(*Continued on page* 41)

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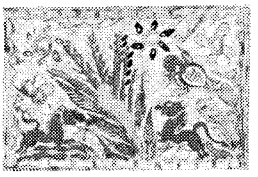
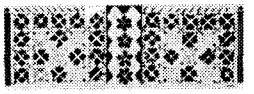
P-347. GOLDEN TROUBADOUR No. 1. A jester-like court troubadour of Old Spain; a blond-bearded harlequin in red, steel and marine blues and grey *all on metallic gold paper.* 28¾″ x 11¼″ on a 35¼″ x 13″ sheet. *Special* **2.98**



P-346. MEXICAN BARK PAINTING No. 2. Silk-screen from a bark painting by Aztec descendants of Mexico's Valle de las Flores on textured granite paper: blue, green, white, purple, chartreuse, grey, magenta on brown background. 26″ x 20″. *Special* **2.98**



P-303. MATISSE: DECORATION WITH MASK. Matisse lavished his most breathtaking colors on this magnificent design for a wall ceramic in 1953. Blue, shades of green, orange, yellow, red, magenta, brown and black—all Matisse and altogether a marvelous print to hang in those "difficult" rooms that call for decoration with art that is out of the ordinary. 17″ x 46″. *Special* **2.98**

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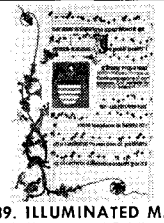

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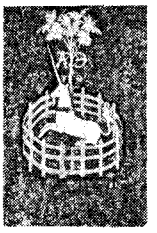

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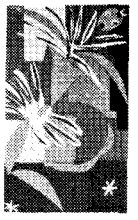

P-337. MATISSE: *CREOLE DANCER.* One of the master artist's last works in magenta, green, orange, black, red, yellow, blue and white. 23″ x 35″. *Special* **2.98**

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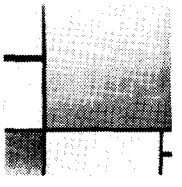
P-946. ZOE AND ZACK. A pair of Siamese cats, Sealpoints, in lifelike beige and black, with inscrutable blue eyes. Each fine reproduction is on a sheet 24½″ high x 17″ wide. *Orig. $10.00.* *The pair, only* **2.98**



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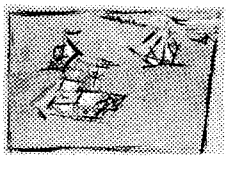

P-263. FEININGER: *RED SEA YELLOW SHIPS.* A sensitive seascape with fine linear detail by the popular cubist master, the red sea and yellow sails are set off by the blue and white flags against a gray sky. Silk screen. 18″ high x 28″ wide. *Special* **2.98**

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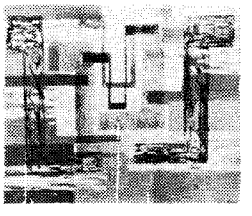

P-999. I. RICE PEREIRA: *LANDSCAPE OF THE ABSOLUTE.* The cutting of the silk screens for this reproduction was supervised by the artist herself. Blues are highlighted with strong white. 20″ x 25″. *Orig. $20.00.* *Only* **6.95**

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P-248. KAETHE KOLLWITZ: *MOTHER AND CHILD.* A fine silk-screen reproduction of this sensitively rendered charcoal drawing in black and white on a heavy, 26" high x 20" wide sheet. *Special* **1.98**

P-261. CRETAN WALL PAINTING: *BULL DANCERS.* A late Minoan frieze, dated about 1500 B.C., from the Palace at Knossos, depicting leapers or dancers in three positions of their intricate and deadly ritual cavorting with the sacred bull; a finely drawn, colorful work in reds, blues, yellows, browns, grays and black, silk screened on rag paper. 17" high x 46" wide. *Special* **4.95**

P-345. *MEXICAN BARK PAINTING No. 1.* Silk-screen from a bark painting by Aztec descendants of Mexico's Valle de las Flores on textured granite paper: blue, green, white, purple, chartreuse, grey, magenta on brown background. 26" x 20". *Special* **2.98**

P-342. PICASSO'S "GUERNICA". Panel size, 54" x 27½" reproduction of Picasso's masterpiece proclaiming his horror at the bombing of the little Basque town of Guernica during the Spanish Civil War. Symbolic forms, contrasts of light illuminate Picasso's violent protest against war. *Special import* **2.98**

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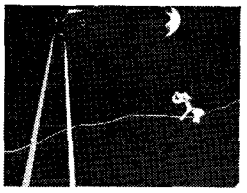
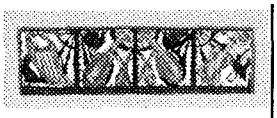


P-325. MIRO: *DOG BARKING AT THE MOON.* Miro's compelling world of deep brown earth and black sky, with dog, moon, cosmic ladder leading nowhere, in yellow, blue, brick red, dark green, violet and white. 20" x 25". **2.98**



P-226. *MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.* This decorative panel of medieval lutes, harps and zithers in metallic gold, outlined in rich wood-brown, with a metallic gold border, has been silk-screened onto a handmade, white rice paper. A handsome and unusual conversation piece for your home. 9¼" high x 32" wide picture area. *Special* **2.98**

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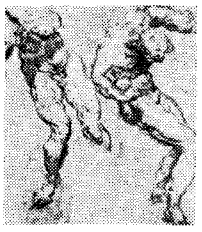

P-349. TINTORETTO: FIGURE STUDY. Silk-screen of a black chalk drawing on background of grayed shades of blues, yellows, greens. 20" x 23" on a 23" x 30" sheet. *Special* **2.98**

P-232. REMBRANDT: *ARISTOTLE CONTEMPLATING THE BUST OF HOMER.* With frame 26½" x 25½". 8 lbs. No C.O.D. No shipments outside U.S.A. Plus shipping charge; shipped express collect. *Orig. $19.50. Only* **9.95**

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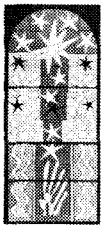
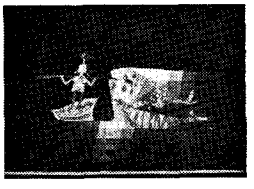


P-323. MATISSE: *NUIT DE NOEL.* One of Matisse's most famous stained glass window designs, dated 1951, in brilliant green, yellow, blue, black, white and magenta. 13" x 29" on a 23" x 35" sheet. **2.98**

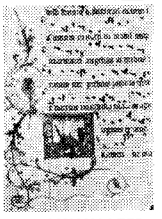
P-331. KLEE: *LANDSCAPE WITH YELLOW BIRDS.* Fantasy landscape, trees, shrubs, yellow birds in white, blue, earth brown, yellow and dark green on a black background. Silk-screen. 34" x 23". **2.98**

P-278. ILLUMINATED LETTER. Serigraph of a 1487 music manuscript on parchment paper. Letter illuminated with the Birth of the Virgin in green, red, yellow, metallic gold; blue-purple initial letter. 24" x 17". *Special* **2.98**

P-972. CHINESE HORSE ON SILK. Splendid coal-black charger in metallic gold, olive green and charcoal grey. Silk-screened on off-white. 37" x 29½". *Special* **5.95**



P-865. KLEE: SINBAD THE SAILOR. The famous *Arabian Nights* hero in blues from sky to midnight, highlighted with vivid pinks, marigold, red, white, black and warm orange. Silk screen. 16½" x 23". *Special* **3.95**

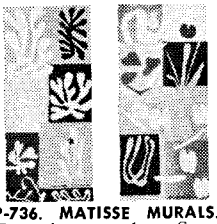


P-277. ILLUMINATED LETTER. 500-year old music manuscript in blue, red and yellow on black and gold background, framed by the letter U in green. 24" x 17"; silk-screened on parchment paper. *Special* **2.98**

P-739. FRIEZE FROM A CHINESE TOMB. Silk screen in red pigment of a priceless Chinese stone rubbing over 2,000 years old, capturing every mark and scar of the Chang Dynasty stone. 15" high x 52" wide. *Very special* **2.98**

P-815. SAHARA ROCK PAINTING. One of the most beautiful of the magnificent prehistoric Tassili rock frescoes, only recently discovered in the Sahara. Cattle in greens, browns, purples and reds against a soft beige background. Silk-screen; 42" x 14". *Special* **5.95**

P-824. KLEE: BIRD GARDEN. A delightful arrangement of red and white birds among plants of pale and medium blues, blue-green and green, set off by the yellow and tan gate and rich red-brown background. Silk-screen. 17" x 23¾". *Special* **2.98**



P-736. MATISSE MURALS. Two late works, *Snow Flowers* and *Vegetables*, each 35½" x 14". White flowers against green, orange, maroon, beige. Vegetables in white, green, yellow, blue. Silk-screen.

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P-808. DEER BY RIVER. A golden screen painting from the 19th-century Japanese Toca School, magnificently reproduced by silk screen in shades of soft brown and white and glittering metallic gold, depicting a buck and two fawns, some foliage and a stream set against a vast expanse of golden sky. 20" x 35". *Special* **2.98**

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10-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

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Uncle George the General

Before the Colors Fade: Portrait of a Soldier, George S. Patton, Jr., *by Fred Ayer, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin. 266 pp. $6), in a torrent of sketches, captures the vigor and vinegar of a free-wheeling warrior. Pulitzer Prize-winner Mark S. Watson, military correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, was awarded the Army's Medal of Freedom in 1946 and the Presidential Medal of Freedom in 1963.*

By MARK S. WATSON

OF THE distinguished soldiers who served under Eisenhower in Africa and Europe none had greater powers of leadership than "Georgie" Patton. None had greater dash and flamboyance, none was so completely all-soldier, none achieved more spectacular victories, and none managed to get into more trouble through hasty and indiscreet remarks. And to this day veterans of the Third Army's 1944-45 sweep to victory identify their commands briefly and proudly by saying, "I was with Patton."

High are the professional appraisals of his military achievements, particularly those by the German generals he met and conquered, who hold him in enormous respect. The stories about him, in and out of uniform, are countless and memorable, whether in their grand or their comic and highly unconventional aspects. Perhaps more than any other American of World War times he seems almost a reincarnation of the warriors of the past he truly adored —Jeb Stuart, on whose superb cavalry tactics Patton consciously designed his own; the seventeenth-century cavaliers; the crusaders; the Roman legionnaires. Patton truly believed he himself had been through those and kindred earlier forms and would one day return to earth as a soldier; surely he hoped to.

A new portrait of this bold and free-wheeling warrior is presented by his admiring but very candid nephew, Fred Ayer, Jr., who for all his near-adoration is fully aware of his Uncle George's occasional odd behavior and of his frequently outrageous remarks. More, he manifestly enjoys them as fully in recollection as his uncle did in their performance and seems almost as uninhibited as was the exuberant General.

All his life Patton was restless and tireless. In the rough game of polo he was rougher than most. He was a joyous and hard-riding fox hunter. In the Military Olympics of 1912 (for which he paid his own way as America's representative) he conquered the French Army champion at fencing, should have had perfection in pistol, finished the foot race all but unconscious, and wound up fourth in the entire tournament. He sailed his own way to Hawaii by self-taught celestial navigation, even if his dubious mathematics had kept him a fifth year at West Point. He was our first Armor commander in World War I and was almost killed at it. (Later he was chased off the Narragansett beach for wearing trunks so cut as to reveal part of a scar which would have embarrassed anyone but Georgie.) At gunpoint he rescued a pretty girl from abduction only to learn that she did not want to be rescued. His profanity and obscenity startled hearers; yet he wrote thoughtful verse, knew history, and, a profoundly religious man, on occasion startled hearers just as much by devoutly reciting from memory the entire Church service for the day.

He had come from spectacular stock. His maternal grandfather, following a punitive expedition against some massacring Indians, returned with several basketsful of heads. (Patton, during the Villa expedition once brought back to Pershing's headquarters two Mexican corpses lashed, like a huntsman's deer, to his automobile fenders.) The paternal grandfather and all five uncles, who had reached their teens, were officers in the Confederate Army. Patton, at times a mystic as well as a realist, was convinced that his remote warrior ancestors watched him and inspired him in battle.

Mr. Ayers's engaging torrent of sketches throws light on Patton's own thinking during a rush of episodes from 1941-45, ranging from his Achillean wrath with the testy Montgomery (it started with Monty's sneer in North Africa and it never ended) to his rage over his country's concessions to a Russia that he detested and distrusted. Patton's own straightforward account of the notorious soldier-slapping incident typifies his pride in a man's courage and, with a twenty-year perspective, is worth re-reading. He worshipped gallantry and patriotism, thought little of civilians, and very little of liberal democrats. He fully believed that, had he been given the gasoline that went to Monty for a vain attack in the North, his Third Army would have reached Berlin in 1944 (and so did numerous Germans here quoted). He predicted a Battle of the Bulge when Monty was "proving" one impossible. His great hope through life was that he would die in battle and when instead he lay long a-dying from a needless automobile accident in peacetime he murmured sadly, "This is a hell of a way for a soldier to die."

—*Wide World.*

General George S. Patton—"a mystic as well as a realist."

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The Week That Led to Greatness

—*Culver.*

Generals Joseph E. Johnston and Robert E. Lee—low marks for vanity.

The Seven Days: The Emergence of Lee, *by Clifford Dowdey (Little, Brown. 380 pp. $7.50), underscores, from the Southern point of view, a tragedy that grew out of failure in military communication. Clement Eaton's most recent book is "Mind of the Old South."*

By CLEMENT EATON

THE GUNS of the Civil War are still booming. The latest salvo is by Clifford Dowdey, who maintains that the Seven Days' Battle before Richmond in June 1862 constituted its most significant military engagement. The central figure in his narrative is Robert E. Lee, who had played a disappointing role in Confederate military affairs until the wounding of Joseph E. Johnston led to his appointment as commander of the army defending the Confederate capital against McClellan. Though a devoted Virginian, Mr. Dowdey does not portray Lee as the perfect general. The Seven Days of the Peninsular Campaign mark the apprentice period of Lee's growth into a great general. Here Lee displayed the aggressive spirit that was to characterize his leadership, but he was sadly deficient in maintaining communications with his generals and in supervising inexperienced officers in carrying out his complicated battle plans. But then, as the author observes, "none of the generals knew how to cooperate. Nobody sent messages to anybody."

One of the most uncooperative generals—a key figure in Lee's strategy—was "Stonewall" Jackson. Jackson's conduct during the Seven Days has been an enigma in Confederate military history. Mr. Dowdey makes his most important contribution in analyzing the reasons for Jackson's strange apathy and failure to execute Lee's plans. In "four straight failures" following his arrival in Richmond from the Valley he disappointed Lee. More than any other element in the campaign, his inaction and lassitude cost the Confederate army a decisive victory—the opportunity to destroy McClellan's huge army. His derelictions, Mr. Dowdey thinks, were a consequence of "stress fatigue," and in support of his theory he has presented a persuasive argument.

The Seven Days is a book of notable merits and serious faults. Virtually every Civil War author has had his pets and his individual prejudices. Mr. Dowdey, for example, gives very low marks to Joseph E. Johnston, so that the reader is likely to become disgusted with this vain and overcautious general. He also presents Lincoln and Stanton in a most unfavorable light. His hero, on the other hand, aside from Lee, is Ambrose Powell Hill, of whom he draws an exceedingly attractive portrait.

In addition to his strongly felt prejudices, the greatest fault of the author is his wearisome detailing of geographic and topographical information. Focusing on the trees, at times he loses sight of the forest. Furthermore, the reader may be annoyed by repetitions and by the poor proof-reading of the volume.

On the other hand, Mr. Dowdey writes with fine dramatic talent; he is good in the critical evaluation of evidence; he gives subtle and fascinating portraits of the officers (his book is concerned primarily with the officers); and he vividly depicts the tragedy, from the Southern point of view, of the seven days of desperate battle – the tragedy brought by the failure of the generals to carry out Lee's orders and, even more, the pathos of human valor and devotion spent in a mismanaged series of battles – "Confederate infantry against Union guns, spirit against iron." *Seven Days* is a moving book.

Loyal, But a Loser

Portrait of a General: Sir Henry Clinton in the War of Independence, *by William B. Willcox (Knopf. xxii, 534 pp. $8.95), contends that the British commander could have defeated the colonial rebellion had Sir William Howe not interfered. Esmond Wright is professor of modern history at the University of Glasgow, Scotland. He wrote "Washington and the American Revolution" and "Fabric of Freedom."*

By ESMOND WRIGHT

Behold the Cerberus the Atlantic plough,
Her precious cargo, Burgoyne, Clinton, Howe.
Bow, wow, wow!

THE FIRST and third of this ill-starred triumvirate have left familiar marks on history. The best known of the three because of his surrender at Saratoga, Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne was a man so various that he could be at once soldier, King's Friend, Member of Parliament, and popular dramatist—a man of affairs and *affaires*. Sir William Howe, if less richly gifted and (in all respects) less versatile, was politician, soldier, and not only King's Friend but King's cousin; yet perhaps from his fatal dilatoriness in New York in 1776 he was far more the real author of British disasters in the War of Independence than was Gentleman Johnny.

Clinton has waited longest for a place in the record. Indeed until the last decade he remained a dimly-glimpsed, shy, and hesitant figure who inherited Howe's command at precisely the moment when that command became part of a global conflict; after the disaster at Yorktown he was recalled in ignominy; and nothing was known of his private life. From these shadows he has been brought vividly to light by the patient exploration of William B. Willcox in the Clinton papers at the Clements Library in Ann Arbor—researches that led in 1954 to the publication of Clinton's Narrative of his campaigns *(The American Rebellion)*—and by this brilliantly-drawn picture of the man. We can now see him in detail and in the round, and

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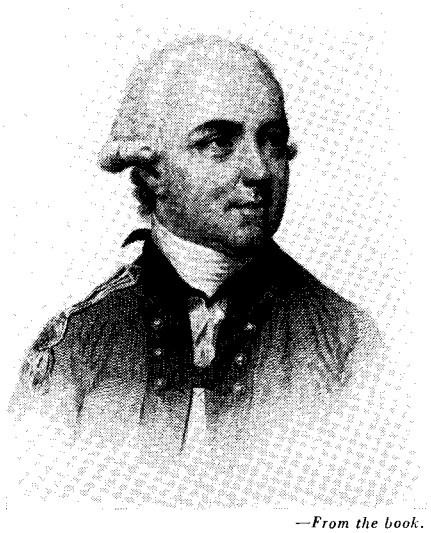
the portrait of him is far richer and more realistic than those available of any other of the British commanders.

The book is to be welcomed not only because of its style and presentation, but for the number of theses that are clearly maintained, theses that go to the core of our understanding of the war: It was not won by the United States so much as lost by the divided counsels of, and lack of sustained strategic planning by, the British politicians and commanders. ("The principle of policy-making," Willcox says, "seemed to be that sufficient unto the day are the expedients thereof.") It could never be won—as Clinton alone of all the British commanders realized—without a firm control of the sea and of the major harbors and a firm grasp of the logistic principles involved in movement on a continent. It was bedeviled, and hardly ever aided, by the existence of Loyalist groups, a nuisance in London, unreliable in America. And there were, as Gage and Clinton both said *ad nauseam*, never enough troops to do the job. "If you can't afford the expense of war, don't go in it," said Clinton.

For the confirmation he offers here to all these theses Professor Willcox is to be warmly commended. And he makes equally clear that Clinton could have won the war by defeating Washington's army in New York in 1776 had not Howe stopped him and after 1778 it was too late. This book becomes essential reading for any study of the reasons for Britain's first Imperial defeat.

And the man? Superficially he was very like his companions in disaster—unhesitating in physical courage; politician and would-be-intriguer always but statesman only occasionally; a summer soldier who could find solace, although less easily than they, in the ennui of his long winter evenings. But he lacked con-

(*Continued on page* 41)



—*From the book.*

Sir Henry Clinton—"fatal hesitations."

Skirting an Ocean of Violence

Along That Coast, *by John Peter (Doubleday. 275 pp. $4.95), the publisher's Canadian Prize-winner, concerns the racial situation in South Africa. Edward Hickman Brown, a former South African, is a free-lance writer in New York.*

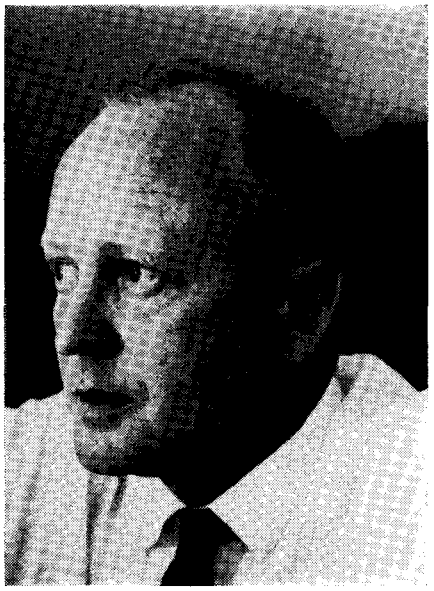
By EDWARD HICKMAN BROWN

JOHN PETER is blessed with the power to conjure up the Natal South Coast area, with its wild beaches and crashing breakers, and to do so in a lucid and lyrical prose. This book abounds with beautiful descriptive passages that succeeded in transporting me straight back to that lush and green subtropical strip along the Indian Ocean on South Africa's eastern shoreline.

If the author were equally adept with dialogue, this would indeed be a masterly novel. For, apart from the passages referred to above, it is written like a two-character play. The characters are Laura Hunt, a year beyond her Cambridge graduation, and Denton Todd, thirty-five and divorced after an unhappy marriage. We learn their previous histories mainly from their conversations, which is perhaps why they never quite came alive for me, never seemed wholly three-dimensional. And because Todd is the main protagonist of the novel, the girl suffered more in this respect.

Laura, a Canadian, is visiting South Africa in order to get to the center of what she calls ". . . the most important single problem in the world, in this century . . . ," the problem of race. She meets Todd at a resort town a couple of days following her arrival, after she has witnessed an utterly unbelievable "racial" incident that culminates in an innocent, middle-aged Zulu's being hurled from a bridge into a lagoon fifty feet below. Todd and Laura spend their time discussing the South African situation as they walk along the beaches (thus giving Mr. Peter continued opportunity to bewitch the reader with his poetical imagery). Their attraction turns to love, and they are contemplating marriage when the novel's final tragedy overtakes Todd.

Three African characters are briefly introduced about a third of the way into the book, and they reappear at the end in order to bring it to a close. It is a measure of Mr. Peter's strength as a



John Peter—"the power to conjure."

writer that whereas I found these Africans to be contrived and unreal and the symbolism of the dénouement altogether too pat, I nonetheless could not help being carried along by the sheer power of his crashing finale.

MY main objection to the book is that it evades its implied objective, the analysis of the universal race issue as microcosmically represented by South Africa. Instead of such an examination, which would have necessitated the introduction of characters drawn from the conflicting groups, we are served up the jaundiced and bitter opinions of the thoroughly inconsistent Denton Todd. He has given up his legal practice in silent protest against what he believes to be a double standard in judicial administration; he calls himself a liberal, and yet at times he speaks and behaves like a caricature of the most bigoted racialist. He tells the girl that ". . . the only real way to restore sanity to the white population . . . is to psychoanalyze every man jack of them. . . ." or, alternatively, "Kill the lot. . . ." He offers no hope at all concerning the current white injustice and its inevitable black counterpart, apparently oblivious to the latter possibility. If such an oversimplified attitude, brought on by despair, can be sympathized with in an individual, it can hardly be accepted as a philosophical judgment.

Perhaps these are mainly the objec-

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tions of a South African. In spite of them, *Along That Coast*—a first novel that, quite remarkably, never reads like one—is worthy of attention. One looks forward to the other books that must surely follow it.

Renegades in Retreat: With six of his novels available in English, Willi Heinrich is one of the most translated of German authors. His success is quite deserved, even though he has never matched the brutal realism of his first book, *Cross of Iron*. His stories of ordinary men fighting a war whose purpose they do not understand are of the kind that appeals to readers who value straightforward prose and depth of experience more than literary experimentation. At his best, Heinrich must be compared to Remarque, with whom he shares a disillusionment about loudly proclaimed patriotic ideals and a compassionate feeling for those squeezed against the wall.

Heinrich's new novel, *The Crumbling Fortress* (Dial, $5.95), perfectly translated from the German by Michael Glenny, is set in the *Alpes-Maritimes*, near Nice, a ruggedly beautiful landscape that becomes part of the action as deserters from the Russian and German armies, refugees from Nazi Germany, French quislings, and the *Maquis* get into each other's way on the precipices. Every cliff-dweller has his own reasons for hiding out in the mountain fortress, and their life is not made easier by the widening cracks in its brickwork. A slight shift of the rocks, and there's a grave for all in the valley below.

Against this background of imminent danger Heinrich skillfully intertwines the fates of characters whose life histories are those of an entire generation, disenchanted Nazi enthusiasts, a renegade communist, disgusted soldiers. The best portraits are Herr Knopf, the aging Jew from Germany, and his young niece, who learns of love and death at the same time. The wise humanity of her uncle, a victim rather than a doer, does not have its like in any other Heinrich novel: Knopf's inner calm dwarfs the hotspurs around him and provides an excellent foil for the fast-paced developments.

Willi Heinrich is a competent storyteller and knows how to mix the ingredients in just the right proportions. There is no cleverly contrived plot in *The Crumbling Fortress*, but the shooting, the shouting, and the whispered words of love have a cumulative effect, like an echo in the mountains. The suspense carries you from page to page, rather than from the first page to the last, and you will not fall asleep if you read this novel rocking in the hammock, no matter how hot the afternoon.

—Joseph P. Bauke.

Problems of Small Royal Houses: Joseph Breitbach, a versatile, German-born author living in Paris, has written a number of novels and plays in French and German that have found wide acclaim in Europe. That he is familiar with the most intricate details of industry and business, as well as the problems of small royal houses, is proven by the book with which he makes his curious debut in the United States. Not really a novel, *Report on Bruno*, translated from the German by Michael Bullock (Knopf, $5.95), imitates nonfiction. Or perhaps it would be more precise to say that it mimics a type of nonfiction that reads more like fiction. In any case, the book is both fascinating and exasperating.

Its basic pattern seems simple enough. Bruno Collignon, grandson of the most influential minister of a small Western European kingdom, lives separated from his communist father and his alcoholic mother. His grandfather, whom he both loves and hates, is supposed to look after him, and Bruno seems to have everything a boy needs—everything but sufficient care and affection. Since Bruno is brilliant, he is introduced, at an age when other boys worry about their stamp collections, to ministers, secret agents, ambassadors. His grandfather shouldn't really be surprised when Bruno, with the help of his father (whom he starts loathing soon after), defects to Soviet Russia and refuses to communicate with anyone, even his former tutor, Stijn Rysselgeert. The first human being to treat Bruno as a person, Rysselgeert made one fatal mistake: he underestimated Bruno's jealousy. At the end, after we have witnessed Bruno's transformation from de luxe delinquent to communist agitator and journalist-blackmailer, Rysselgeert pays with his life for this error: for, like many slightly paranoid intellectuals, Bruno is continually taking revenge.

There are some hilarious episodes: the Soviet ambassador intent on a boar hunt, making enemies of the "proletarian" helpers; her Royal Excellency, the Dowager Queen Mother, taking a trip to Russia to promote peace; the police activities against the ever-present "lyrical artistes" (frequented, among others, by the young Bruno and the cops themselves the moment they are off duty).

As a portrait of politics in a small monarchy, the book is of interest. As a thriller, it will while away a few hours. I only wish we could feel more sympathy for grandfather, who, as narrator, reports on too many intrigues, involving too many people whom we have hardly met.

—Richard Plant.

Don Giovanni and Lesbos: Brigid Brophy is a clever young English novelist who evidently has sorceress blood in the family. Reading her two short novels, *The Snow Ball and The Finishing Touch* (World, $4.95), is an experience much like a dream-filled sleep: enchanting, absorbing, sometimes frightening, and faintly bewildering. Awakening, one wonders at the source of the spell, the mystic significance of the symbols. But the magic lingers.

The Snow Ball, longer and by far the most effective of the novels, is set in an eighteenth-century London town house,

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where, on New Year's Eve, a masked ball is in progress. Anna, a middle-aged and attractive divorcée, with perfect pitch, has come as Donna Anna from Mozart's opera *Don Giovanni*. At midnight she is kissed by a stranger in the costume of Don Juan; his kiss more than complements his role, and Anna, aroused and frightened, escapes among the dancers.

But *did* Don Giovanni actually seduce Donna Anna? This is the question that preoccupies her for the next hour or two, while the dance progresses and other and younger seductions are in course of accomplishment. The stranger seeks the answer in the library; Anna seeks it from a pompous musicologist. The stranger finds his answer, finds Anna (or she finds him), and the erotic tension grows.

It is a bizarre night, filled with the sounds of Mozart, the pressures of desire, the underlying theme of death and age, youth and cruelty. And in the end it betrays, as life inevitably betrays.

Where *The Snow Ball* seems delicate, curious, and quite wonderful, *The Finishing Touch* seems delicate, curious, and faintly repulsive. The setting is a somewhat nightmarish girls' finishing school on the Riviera; the characters are a group of aristocratic and unpleasant adolescents, their headmistress, and her frog-voiced assistant—the latter two straight from Lesbos. But the Mediterranean atmosphere is pungent, the writing is exquisite, and the headmistress does end up in bed with a man. Miss Brophy always knows how to mix her magic brew, even when it contains a touch of the jeweled toad.

—Margaret Parton.

SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

The Case of the Heavenly Twin. By Christopher Bush. Macmillan. $3.95.

The Corrupters. By Daniel Telfer. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

The Silence of Herondale. By Joan Aiken. Doubleday. $3.50.

The Thick Blue Sweater. By Pete Fry. Roy. $2.95.

Fiction

The Block Busters. By Lou Cameron. McKay. $4.50.

Daughter, Oh My Daughter. By Mildred Mesurac Jeffrey. Lyle Stuart. $4.95.

The French Bride. By Evelyn Anthony. Doubleday. $4.95.

The Great Sweet Days of Old Shibui. By H. D. Miller. Doubleday. $4.50.

The Virgin Market. By C. Y. Lee. Doubleday. $4.50.

When the Bough Breaks. By Richard Kluger. Doubleday. $4.95.

History

A History of Venezuela. By Guillermo Moron. Roy. $5.95.

The Transfer of the Sudeten Germans: A Study of Czech-German Relations, 1933-1962. New York Univ. Press. $6.50.

The War Dispatches of Stephen Crane. Edited by R. W. Stallman and E. R. Hagemann. New York Univ. Press. $7.50.

Miscellany

Federal Aid to Private Schools. By Leo R. Ward, C.S.C. Newman, $3.95.

Harvard College Library Department of Printing and Graphic Arts Catalogue of Books and Manuscripts. Part I: French 16th Century Books. Compiled by Ruth Mortimer. Harvard-Belknap. $50 set.

Letters from the Peace Corps. Edited by Iris Luce. Luce. $3.95.

Man's Quest for Political Knowledge: The Study and Teaching of Politics in Ancient Times. By William Anderson. Minnesota Univ. Press. $8.

Square-Rigger Days. By Warren Armstrong. John Day. $4.50.

Thirty-Eight Witnesses. By A. M. Rosenthal. McGraw-Hill. $2.95.

The Universal Postal Union: Coordinator of the International Mails. By George A. Codding, Jr. New York Univ. Press. $6.50.

Music

A Jazz Lexicon. Edited by Robert Gold. Knopf. $5.95.

Notes of a Pianist. By Louis Moreau Gottschalk. Knopf. $6.95.

Personal History

Baden-Powell. By William Hillcourt. Putnam. $7.95.

Frank Merriwell's "Father": An Autobiography by Gilbert Patten. Edited by Harriet Hinsdale. Oklahoma Univ. Press. $5.95.

The Mission. By Martin Caidin and Edward Hymoff. Lippincott. $4.50.

The Royal George: The Life of H.R.H. Prince George, Duke of Cambridge, 1819-1904. By Giles St. Aubyn. Knopf. $6.95.

Verdict on Schweitzer. By Gerald McKnight. John Day. $4.95.

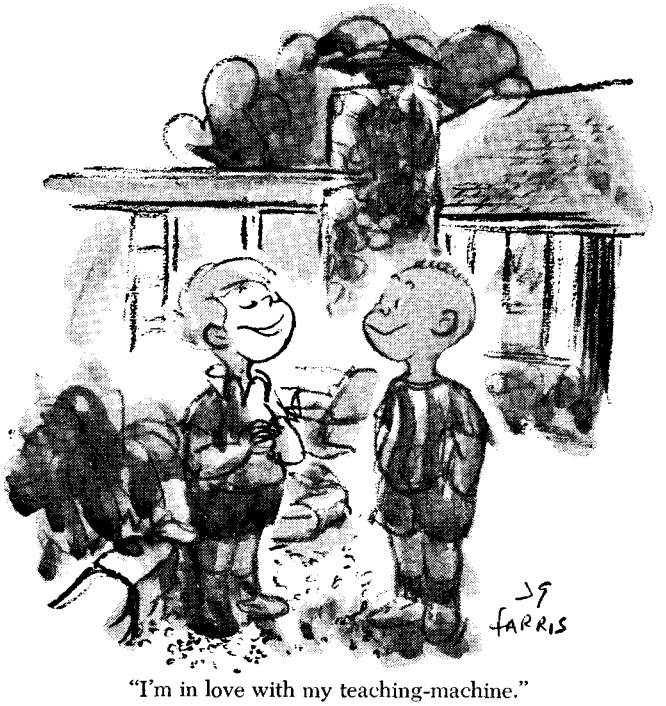
Religion

Understanding Islam. By Frithjof Schuon. Roy. $5.95.

—Compiled by Ruth Brown.

Pals

"We've got $1.67—let's make a modest-budget picture."



"I'm in love with my teaching-machine."

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Edith Hamilton

Continued from page 33

ble and wide-ranging though it usually is, is too harsh, although she makes hay happily of isolated passages of his poetry. Literature is still experimenting with the newly discovered continent of the inner self; one cannot judge it until the experiment has developed further and ripened. Nevertheless, although she lays down tenets for Faulkner he never thought of following, her judgments are provocative.

Drawing on the thinking of the undated, ever-present past, Miss Hamilton offers a lively challenge to the present. Her personality and method of writing are intimately conveyed in Doris Reid's prologue, while the dedication to John Mason Brown testifies to the congeniality of two flexible and sparkling minds.

Shooting at Sanity: *Never Put Off to Gomorrah* (Pantheon, $3.95) is the second collection of Michael Frayn's *Manchester Guardian* pieces to appear in this country (the first was *Day of the Dog*).

Frayn, who now writes for the *Observer*, is something of a household word in England, like TW3. But mention of Frayn, unlike *That Was the Week That Was*, is apt to bring an *affectionate* smile to the household lips.

This reaction is a clue to Frayn's special quality as a satirist and a humorist. Not long ago, for instance, the archbishop of York and Adam Faith, British pop idol, were brought together in a joint TV interview. The fact that Faith surprisingly enough lived up to his name was treated by TW3 (in a rock song, *Adam's Not a Sinner Any More*) as ludicrous in itself. Frayn, however, in one of his best pieces ("Bishop Rock"), beautifully develops the implicit ironies of the situation. He has the bishop saying, with bland up-to-date vacuity, "Religion's got nothing to do with going to Church on Sunday at all really. . . . It's your whole way of life. It's—well, it's taking a girl to the pictures. It's doing the town on your motorbike. It's rocking and rolling." In contrast, the earnest pop singer naïvely theologizes, "But there's something sort of inside you, isn't there? I mean, where did we come from? Tell me that. There's got to be some sort of explanation, hasn't there?" Neither of them pays the faintest attention to what the other is saying. This is funny to the point of farce (he can do pure farce too), but also, unlike TW3 (all sharp edge and no blade), it is satire.

In fact, what distinguishes Frayn from TW3, *The Establishment*, and (to a lesser extent) *Beyond the Fringe*, as what distinguishes satire from parody or mere gossip, is that Frayn always has implicit reference to an albeit distant world of sanity where words can communicate rather than obfuscate and ideas are generative, not degenerate. This prevents him, while clever, from being merely clever and allows him to entertain without showing off. And it enables him, with wit and penetration, logically to work out contemporary notions to their often idiotic (and dreadful) conclusion.

Yet, while he spares no one—politicians, the church, critics, business, PR men (a favorite), labor, TV, the press—he is not vicious, bitter, or indignant. At his best he is perfectly deadpan. But even in his less successful pieces, and there are some, there is a superb professionalism (he has a faultless ear) that makes him easy to laugh at and hard to dismiss from the mind.

Incidentally, while most of his pieces refer to things British, he never falls into that peculiarly incomprehensible English non-humor which is *Punch* at its too-frequent worst.

Buy Frayn. —JULIAN GLOAG.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Bram Stoker. 2. Arthur Miller. 3. Katherine Anne Porter. 4. Raymond Chandler. 5. Elliott Baker. 6. James Fenimore Cooper. 7. Isaac Bashevis Singer. 8. C. S. Forester. 9. William Archer. 10. Samuel Butler. 11. Oliver Goldsmith. 12. Evan Hunter. 13. John Collier. 14. Ernest Barker. 15. Hortense Powdermaker. 16. Fannie Farmer. 17. H. W. Fowler. 18. Jim Bishop. 19. S. W. Butcher. 20. James Cook.

Henry Clinton

Continued from page 38

fidence in himself, and in supreme command he was a man of straw; he could move fast—as upon the Hudson in 1777—but it was always too late; he quarreled with every one of his leading associates; he was querulous, sensitive, and prickly to a degree; never quite so close to the center of power as Howe or Burgoyne, and therefore never sure of himself, he lacked their *panache* and their ease, and the lack led him repeatedly into fatal hesitations. Again and again he had to swallow his pride, and he found it indigestible. The years from 1782 to his death were years of a painful search for self-justification in which he became, and was aware that he had become, a bore to himself as much as to others.

In his last brave chapter of interpretation Professor Willcox probes for the psychological reasons for the failure and finds them in Clinton's childhood lack of firm parental authority; not all will follow him here with complete acceptance. And one would welcome more than he gives us on Clinton's role in the field: this is a study in personality rather than in strategy or tactics, and is apt to be war with the battles and tactics left out. But then that was precisely Clinton's trouble. He was a good tactician who when pushed to the point of forgetting his introspections was a competent battle commander on the "German" model. Given time for reflection, the general was reduced to a quarrelsome jelly. This is a rich, detailed, and vivid picture of a general without egoism, which in the eighteenth as in the twentieth century is apt to mean a general born for failure.

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Bossa Nova from the Source

By ROBERT FARRIS THOMPSON

AFTER a brief hiatus in 1963, the bossa nova, a glittering serving of the shyest of sambas with some of the coolest licks of jazz, returns to the forefront in the summer of 1964 with the appearance of an LP entitled *Getz-Gilberto* (Verve 8545). This album, a splendid gathering of four major bossa nova talents (Antonio Carlos Jobim, Stan Getz, João Gilberto, and Astrud Gilberto), re-establishes the reputation of the genre, which has suffered through and now survived one of the worst blights of commercialism ever to be inflicted on a popular art.

Perhaps the most esthetically satisfying "Latin" idiom since the coming of mambo to the *barrios* of Spanish Harlem, bossa nova is a gentle dance music that entered the portals of American popular culture in the spring of 1962, armed only with a fragile charm and a superior set of musical ideals—most rare adornments in the market place. "Critics generally misunderstood the nature and significance of bossa nova," lyricist Gene Lees wrote recently in an extremely sensitive sketch in *Downbeat*, "but the musicians knew better." They did indeed. The fact that Stan Getz, one of the luminaries of modern jazz, has four bossa nova albums in release attests the appeal that the simplicity and tact of the finest bossas exert upon certain of our best jazzmen today.

Still, non musical America probably knows less about this delicate blend today than it did in 1962. Lost in a locus of blunt commercial adaptations, the singers of bossa nova for the most part have yet to communicate to Yankee audiences the original Brazilian meaning of the phrase that names their special music and the nuances of the phrase that form, in turn, their esthetic.

Impetus to reopen the inquiry into the meaning of the phrase "bossa nova" stems from the writer's restlessness, when, during the past few months, it became obvious to him that the common definitions ("new wrinkle," "new wave") no longer adequately described a deepening phenomenon. Surely the only sound method is to observe the word in the original contexts of Brazilian argot. When this is done, one finds, for example, that *El a tem bossa p'ra se vestir* means "She knows how to dress with charm," that some people have *bossa*—or natural charm—in their dress or song, still others in the subtle choice of food and wine that they offer at table. *Eu gosto da bossa dêle* means "I like his special charm." Antonio Olinto da Rocha, a Brazilian poet-diplomat, told the writer last year in Nigeria that this phrase also means "I like his philosophy," but Astrud Gilberto and other bossa novists maintain that thinking is not singled out by the compliment, but, rather, the active expression of simple but inventive taste.

Thus it is almost a tautology when João Gilberto pointedly sings, near the conclusion of a track entitled *Desafinado*, "for this is bossa nova, for this is very natural." Musically speaking, the phrase "bossa nova" is full of the electricity of an informal esthetic: be inventive without being obtrusive. One can well imagine the revolution bossa nova wrought in Brazil, where the singers and percussionists of traditional street sambas piece together mosaics of the most deliberately conspicuous shards of music imaginable. Without sacrificing any of the intrinsic swing of the samba, the bossa novists tried—and often succeeded—in shearing the samba of the streets of its turbulence and replacing it with thin tissues of personal invention. As they did so, they drank deep of the "controlled-vibrato," "straight-tone" saxophone approach of Stan Getz and other cool jazzmen. Brazilian vocalists listened to records of Chet Baker with the same sort of informed rapture with which Afro-Cuban vocalists used to study the tracks of Sarah Vaughn in the late Forties.

But cool jazz, if major, was but one of the ingredients of the new, charming sound. Close listening teaches one to applaud the local inventions, the uncopiable musical diction of perhaps the major figure of bossa nova, Antonio Carlos Jobim.

The hero of the *Getz/Gilberto* album is Jobim. Six of the eight songs Gilberto sings are by Jobim's hand. Characteristically, Jobim finds himself a quiet corner with a piano and shyly punctuates a vocal sentence here, a brief burst of saxophonic intensity there, with single-figure designs, at once wistful and witty. Jobim in this album reminds me of the tragic figure of a father in the midst of his sons (his songs), all of which have gone their own ways to become dialects of their parent. But if, behind a mask of the smallest of smiles, he lets the masters do as they will with his materials, Jobim is nonetheless in full command.

Listen especially to his piano work on *O Grande Amor*. Getz and Gilberto, in alternation, open this excellent song but, of the two of them, Getz is more in sympathy with what Jobim really meant. The song is a strange complex. Nostalgia, beauty, and several moods are mingled. The music strikes the mind like passing moonlight reflected from broken glass. Gilberto, somewhat missing the point, sings a trifle too lugubriously. Getz is better. Getz bites into the essence of the melody, then suavely travels from mood to mood. But the purest expression of bossa stems from the hand of Jobim himself: his brief solo is an admirable invention, a cameo that never breaks the plane of its self-defined form, which is never maudlin or guilty of any emotion that would become conspicuous and thus interrupt the central message: how complex the moods of man can be, how exquisite their overlapping, as when joy passes over pain. *O Grande Amor*, via radio, has already been transmitted to thousands. The effect, like Debussy in a jukebox, must come as a salutary shock to the sensibilities of the multitude.

Throughout much of the album Jobim conceals most of his talents, only releasing essential sparks of feeling in a solitary "emphasizing phrase" or two, or in isolated chords. The latter are masterpieces of condensed emotion; some add shimmering, reflective grandeur to melodic passages that might otherwise skirt the edge of the fatuous; others, notably in *Doralice*, have the warmth and humor of a smile; and all imply Jobim's extreme sensitivity. It was perhaps inevitable that this gifted Brazilian composer—to call him the best writer of light music since George Gershwin falls almost insultingly short of his true worth—would find the garish marches of Tin Pan Alley an affront to his sensibility. After a stay in an apartment on East 94th Street, he left New York for Brazil.

João Gilberto is problematic on this album. I do not believe that he has ever sung better, with less self-consciousness. But in searching for the bossa ideal of the natural, unobtrusive effect, he shrinks too far within himself; his voice sounds sometimes wan and pale. But it is his own voice. In his own way, Gilberto is as much of an instructor in an endless seminar on simplicity as was Jobim. One can listen to a delightfully unadulterated Rio accent in *Desafinado* —witness *fotografe Voce na minha Hol-liflex* (photograph you in my Rolleiflex), the Rio substitution of *h* for initial *r* causing a startling modification—put to music in a manner so limpid and delicate as to serve at the same time as a linguistic model and a lullaby. I like

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Gilberto best on *Doralice*; he aims each syllable as cannily as a sambaist aims his footwork; his metric accuracy wonderfully measures and fuels the song.

Gilberto's wife, an attractive brunette with the surprisingly Germanic name of Astrud, sings two tracks on this album. Her voice is superb. One ought to point out at once that she sings with more appeal than her husband, probably because she is less introverted. She sings in flawless English, translating in effect Jobim's lyrics for Yankee audiences. Her timbre and phrasing reflect a slight trace of Chet Baker. Her method is pure bossa esthetic: "One's song should be as simple as human speech so that you cannot make a trick." She projects in her brassy clarity of form a warmth that is as humane as a hearth.

Consideration in small things seems to characterize the manner by which the American tenor saxophonist Stan Getz has with complete success mastered the bossa idiom. Listen, for example, to Getz on another bossa LP that can be highly recommended, *Big Band Bossa Nova* (Verve 8494). (Parenthetically I ought also to applaud the astounding writing, by Gary McFarland, that makes of this album a landmark in the history of bossa nova. McFarland had, by the time he wrote this LP in 1962, fallen under the influence of Jobim. Witness the brief chords, the accurately aimed emphasizing statements, the—to quote Gene Lees—melodic quality of the counterlines. In *Manha de Carnival* the brass lines are minor masterpieces of control; phrases are softly abandoned at the half-point and warm bursts of color are artfully placed before and during Getz's sessions of self-expression. In *Noite Triste* McFarland wrote statements for French horn and trumpet that are so warm and ringingly suggestive that one is scarcely aware that they are riffs. *Um abraço a* Gary McFarland!) The thoughtful evening out of the trombone of Bob Brookmeyer and the saxophone of Stan Getz is a demonstration of bossa nova tact.

On both these LPs, in practically every song, Getz's modern jazz is the very image of cleverness in action. In *Melancolico* he plays swift jazz conceits against choppy (but very spare) "Latin" imaginings, then follows suit with long, dreamy elaborations that dissolve into notes that travel up and down the registers with hauteur. Words no sooner capture one of Getz's ideas than he has, in most cases, hurried on five ideas ahead. Perhaps a work of art is a race between inspiration and verbalization. When the formal descriptions begin to win, it is clear that the subject is no longer an elusively running musical substance but something dead. To judge from these LPs, Stan Getz need not ever worry.

Jazz in Pittsburgh

THE first major jazz festival of 1964 took place in the Civic Arena, Pittsburgh, on June 19 and 20. In addition to being the first of its kind in Pittsburgh, it was the first jazz festival actively supported by the Catholic Church and the first dominated by the weaker sex.

Co-produced by Mary Lou Williams and George Wein in association with Fr. Michael Williams, diocesan director of the Pittsburgh Catholic Youth Organization, the objectives were to introduce youth to jazz and to raise funds for further educational and recreational facilities in underprivileged areas. More than 13,000 people attended, including the Bishop of Pittsburgh, and the festival was such an artistic and financial success that it will very probably become an annual event.

Among the internationally famous groups presented were those of Dave Brubeck, Thelonious Monk, Art Blakey, and Jimmy Smith, all of whom played up to or above their usual level, Monk adding a bonus in the form of a gay, balletic bow in farewell. The Newport All-Stars had a guest in Benny Benack, a local trumpet firebrand, but Ruby Braff quickly established his artistic supremacy in muted and open solos. The confident Joe Williams was expertly accompanied by Jimmy Jones, Thad Jones, and Ben Webster in one of the festival's most professional sets. Dakota Staton gave an inept imitation of a jazz singer for far too long, as at Newport last year, but her nine numbers were partly redeemed by the solos and obbligati of her accompanists, among whom Danny Turner (alto saxophone) and Billy Root (tenor saxophone) were particularly impressive. Two local quartets, led by Walt Harper and Harold Betters, respectively, acquitted themselves creditably in the after-intermission spots.

– *MGM/Verve.*

Getz—"the very image of cleverness in action."

All this was the normal stock-in-trade. What gives a jazz festival significance, however, is the new work it presents or inspires. In this respect, the chief architect was Mary Lou Williams, who happens to be an ardent Catholic and also one of the three outstanding pianists Pittsburgh has given to jazz. (The other two are Earl Hines and Erroll Garner.) Each evening, the program began with an overture embodying four of her compositions: "Roll 'Em," "What's Your Story Morning Glory?" "Oah-bla-dee," and a new one called "Fungus Amungus." These were played by a twenty-five-piece band under the direction of trombonist Melba Liston, who was also responsible for the orchestrations. The band consisted of some of the best players from New York, such as Snooky Young and Thad Jones (trumpets), Al Grey (trombone), Julius Watkins (French horn), Danny Turner, Budd Johnson, Ben Webster, Bill Root and Cecil Payne (saxophones), Clifford Small (piano), Wendell Marshall (bass), and Charlie Persip (drums), supplemented by local jazz musicians and a woodwind section. Mary Lou Williams took over at the piano for "Fungus Amungus," a way-out piece that satirically depicted the work of those contemporary musicians who "destroy the roots and soul of jazz."

This was followed by Mary Lou's deeply peaceful hymn to Saint Martin de Porres, the first Negro saint. Movingly played by the orchestra and sung by Ethel Fields, it was also interpreted in dance by the Bernice Johnson Dancers, a corps excellently trained by the wife of saxophonist Budd Johnson.

Then the Mary Lou Williams Trio took the stage to play "My Blue Heaven," "Yesterdays," and "A Grand Night for Swinging," three of the numbers that the group has brought to perfection during its reign at the Hickory House in New York this year. Larry Gayles (bass) and Percy Brice (drums) gave

(*Continued on page* 47)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Stage and Screen

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
To Broadway with Love: the original World's Fair production, with music adapted by Philip J. Lang; original songs by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick: cast members include Rod Perry, Millie Slavin, Don Liberto, Patti Karr, others; conductor: Franz Allers. Columbia OL 8030, $4.98; stereo OS 2630, $5.98.	A joyful and jubilant cast album has been born amidst the bustle of the New York World's Fair. As its title suggests, *To Broadway with Love* is a valentine to the Great White Way, but beyond that, it is a glowing sampler of nearly one hundred years of American music for the theater. Starting out with some relics of minstrel days, it proceeds apace to classic songs by Cohan, Herbert, Kern, Porter, *et al.*, a spate of amusing novelties, and several lively songs especially concocted for the occasion by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick. I must confess that with the exception of Miriam Burton, the name of every single soloist here was new to me—but what fresh, young voices they have, what delicious verve and élan they bring to the music. *To Broadway with Love* was conceived and directed by Morton Da Costa: he ought to get a medal or something.
Remember These: songs from *Treasure Girl* and *Chee-Chee,* sung by Betty Comden; arranged by Richard Lewine, and played by Mr. Lewine, piano, George Duvivier, bass, and Mundell Lowe, guitar. Ava A 26, $3.98; stereo, AS 26, $4.98.	It may be thoroughly churlish to quarrel with so worthy a venture as a revival of a dozen all-but-forgotten tunes by Rodgers and Hart and the brothers Gershwin, but for my taste, Betty Comden is not their ideal interpreter. These are, basically, jaunty, rakish songs of romance, and while Miss Comden sings them simply and without affectation, her voice lacks enough color, flexibility, and spontaneity fully to convey their *joie-de-vivre.* The piano, bass, and guitar accompaniments are relaxed and easygoing, but by their very intimacy tend also to underscore the static feeling that pervades the album.
The Unsinkable Molly Brown: words and music by Meredith Willson; Debbie Reynolds and Harve Presnell, with other members of the screen production, Robert Armbruster conducting. MGM E 4232, $4.98; stereo SE 4232, $5.98.	Molly Brown may be unsinkable, but apparently her songs are not—no less than eleven of the original sixteen were scuttled en route to Hollywood, and one of the survivors has lost its lyrics. True, Meredith Willson has applied artificial respiration in the form of two new pieces, including a rousing production number "He's My Friend," but the buyer of this soundtrack, as opposed to the Broadway cast album, is still getting the short end of the musical stick. This drawback having been duly noted, we can report that Debbie Reynolds and Harve Presnell do make the most of what's left. Presnell is a bit stiff at times, but his voice is sturdy and resonant in the best operetta tradition. As for Miss Reynolds, she's a positive dynamo, cavorting and belting out her songs with raucous abandon. Happily, her ebullience is also backed up by musicality, and her one romantic tune is sung in a simple, genuinely affecting manner.
Tom Jones: Music from the original motion picture soundtrack; composed and conducted by John Addison. United Artists UAL 4113, $4.98; stereo UAS 5113, $5.98.	The lusty film saga of the life, and more particularly the loves of *Tom Jones* comes equipped with a lightly waggish score by John Addison. Winner of the 1963 Academy Award, Addison's music skips playfully back and forth between romantic passages and scampering scherzi, with a busy harpsichord lending a touch of Merrie-Olde-England to the proceedings. There are also, it must be said, some disconcerting reminders of other film compositions (in particular the main title themes of *Irma La Douce* and *To Kill a Mockingbird*), but in the main, Addison's droll musical ideas and consistently clever instrumentations conspire to make the album well worth the price of admission.
Tom Jones: an original musical comedy with music and lyrics by Ruth Batchelor and Bob Roberts; cast includes Clive Revill, Bob Roman, Karen Morrow, Carole Shaw, Iggie Wolfington, and the Chuck Cassey Chorus, Peter Matz conducting. Theatre Productions 5-9000, $5.98; stereo S-9000, $6.98.	Not often (possibly never before) has a full-scale musical comedy been commissioned especially for recording purposes, but that exactly is how this version of *Tom Jones* came to be. As properly befitting the antics of Fielding's raffish hero, Ruth Batchelor and Bob Roberts have written songs that zip along with lusty abandon, and the racy humor of the show is strongly abetted by the excellent players. There is, unfortunately, an over-use of self-consciously bawdy lyrics for comic effect, but the dynamic color of the entire production, particularly as enhanced by the inventively impudent orchestrations, easily carries the day.
Fade Out-Fade In: music by Jule Styne, lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; members of the original Broadway cast including Carol Burnett, Jack Cassidy, Lou Jacobi, Tiger Haynes, Tina Louise, and Dick Patterson, Colin Romanoff conducting. Paramount ABC-OC 3, $3.98; stereo ABCS-OC 3, $4.98.	*Fade Out-Fade In* lives up to its title in at least one respect: its songs are so varied in quality that the score seems constantly to wander in and out of focus. Witty scenes alternate with dull ones, clever lyrics with labored, catchy tunes with banal. Fortunately, Carol Burnett is on hand to shore up a number of the more wobbly items with her own brand of buffoonery and/or propulsive energy, and when she can really sink her not inconsiderable teeth into a first-rate song, all is well. Such is the case, for instance, in a zesty bit of reverse nostalgia called "It's Good to be Back Home," and a takeoff on those old Shirley Temple-"Bojangles" Robinson pictures, with Miss Burnett and Tiger Haynes no less than marvelous in their ability to satirize with warmth and affectionate humor.
Robin and the Seven Hoods: lyrics by Sammy Cahn, music by James van Heusen, arranged and conducted by Nelson Riddle; Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Bing Crosby, Sammy Davis, Jr., and other members of the film cast. Reprise F-2021, $4.98; stereo 9-2021, $5.98.	There's a lot of zip in the songs that Cahn and Van Heusen have contrived for *Robin and the Seven Hoods,* but not much substance. Ostensibly poking fun at revival hymns, barbershop quartets, the charleston, vaudeville trios, and sundry other musical foibles of the Prohibition era, the score really sounds less like a spoof of them than a synthesis. As might be expected from such old pros as Sinatra, Crosby, Martin, and Davis, Jr., the performances are slick and clever, and also abundantly endowed with that special veneer of studied nonchalance that Crosby and Hope perfected in their *Road* movie duets.
"Captain From Castile" and Other Great Movie Themes: Robert Farnon and his Orchestra play music from *Captain from Castile, Love is a Many-Splendored Thing, Charade, Funny Face, Friendly Persuasion, and Captain Horatio Hornblower.* Philips PHM 200-098, $3.98; stereo PHS 600-098, $4.98.	Alfred Newman's score for *Captain from Castile* contains some of the most virile, fluent music to emerge from Hollywood in the 1940s, and it's good to have it back in the catalogues again, particularly in so sleek an orchestral setting as this one by Robert Farnon. The throbbing rhythms, the lush themes, the harmonies *à la* Rachmaninoff, all may seem a touch old-hat at this point, but the good Captain always did lead a charmed life, and his musical soul should continue to march on for a while longer anyway. The tonal picture is less encouraging on the reverse side: Farnon has selected an attractive enough set of film staples, but his arrangements are routine, and the performances lack the luster of the *Castile* extracts.
"Dr. Strangelove" and Other Great Movie Themes: various orchestras play music from thirteen motion pictures, including *The Victors, Bridge on the River Kwai, From Here to Eternity, In the French Style, Barabbas, Damn the Defiant, Psyche 59.* Colpix CP 464, $3.98; stereo SCP 464, $5.98.	If a buyer of this record should demand his money back on the grounds of gross misrepresentation, he would be entirely within his rights. The title *Dr. Strangelove* is emblazoned all over the album, even to the extent of listing screenplay credits and posting photos of the cast members. Whereupon the listener takes the disc home and finds that it contains a grand total of two minutes and seventeen seconds of music from the picture. And what is that music? An arrangement of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"! Now usually all's fair in love, war, and fooling the public, but this, I think, is going too far. The "other" movie themes thus comprise the vast bulk of material here, and these have almost all been culled from previously released recordings; still the roster is a fairly strong one, ranging from the jazzy *Internes* theme to Hector Berlioz's "Rakoczy March."
A Film Concert: The Clebanoff Strings, Orchestra, and Chorus play themes from eleven films, including *Charade, The Prize, 8½, Cleopatra.* Mercury MG 20887, $3.98; stereo SR 60887, $4.98.	Clebanoff, Mercury's answer to Mantovani, has selected a dozen highly hummable movie themes (all but one of reasonably recent vintage) and, augmenting his usual complement of strings, has bedecked them in all manner of gaudy orchestral and choral finery. In most cases the melodies remain more-or-less intact, so if you have no violent objections to wordless la-la-la choruses, electric organ obligatos, and other such devices, the album should provide pleasantly innocuous listening. —Robert Sherman.

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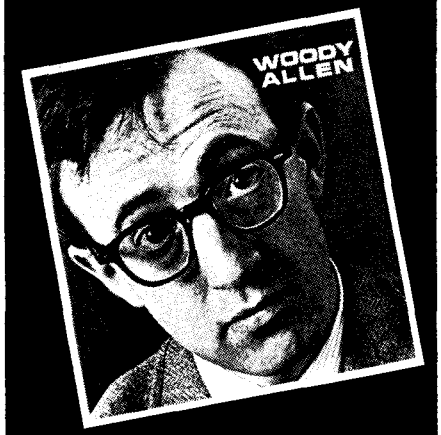

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Angel

The School of Hawkins

COLEMAN HAWKINS is a phoenix. Each generation of listeners rediscovers him, and periodically he rediscovers himself. His quick adjustment to the advent of modern jazz in the Forties was a logical extension of a sound musicianship. Lately he has run a scale or two that indicates his reaction to John Coltrane, and Coltrane's tenor saxophone is to Hawkins's as a great-grandchild.

That being granted, we could call Ben Webster and the late Chu Berry two of his children, and we could call Buddy Tate and the late Herschel Evans two more. We could call expatriate Don Byas, who now lives in Holland, a grandchild.

My point of departure for such cursory genealogy is not only the recent RCA Victor reissue set *Body and Soul: A Jazz Autobiography—Coleman Hawkins* (LPV-501), which I previously mentioned briefly, but also the continuing series of reissues from old Commodore masters on the Mainstream label.

The very earliest Coleman Hawkins recordings were anything but auspicious. They reveal a kind of slap-tonguing clown of a soloist who had picked up some of the worst aspects of very early jazz, but who at the time had the basics of harmonic technique well under his fingers. However, as a member of the Fletcher Henderson orchestra from 1923 to 1934 Hawkins developed into a major soloist, learning a great deal from his fellow musicians—particularly, I feel sure, from Louis Armstrong. Armstrong spent a year with Henderson, and one of the earliest successful Hawkins solos, which was played on Henderson's "The Stampede," is almost pure Armstrong.

There are lingering vestiges of the hard, abrupt phrasing of the earliest Hawkins in the 1927 "St. Louis Shuffle" included in the Victor set, but the brittle-toned, expansive Hawkins of "One Hour," one of his earliest celebrated ballad performances, is clearly a man whose youthful lessons are far behind him. An arresting performance is the Henderson "Hocus Pocus" from 1934; the style of the orchestration is precisely that which Benny Goodman later inherited and popularized. Hawkins's beautiful double chorus is delivered with a rhythmic looseness and variety that neither the younger nor the older Hawkins often employed. It is this Hawkins, not so incidentally, who fathered Herschel Evans almost phrase by phrase.

The album next picks up the post-European Hawkins, not only for its title piece, the 1939 "Body and Soul" (one of those rare examples of a masterpiece performance that was also a best-selling record), but also for such esteemed Hawkins as his leaping chorus on Lionel Hampton's "Dinah" in a previously unissued "take" and Hawkins's own "Sheik of Araby." However, the tenor soloist on Hampton's "Early Session Hop" is not Hawkins as stated, but Ben Webster (in a chorus Georgie Auld must have learned by heart).

Hawkins's playing in this period gradually came to depend more and more on his expanding and sophisticated knowledge of harmony, particularly so as he came to terms with modern jazz in the middle Forties, a period here represented by "Half Step Down, Please" and a reading of "I Love You." Indeed, detractors have described Hawkins's work as "just arpeggios," but that, after all, is a good description of J. S. Bach in certain moods. At the same time, his phrasing took on the rhythmic regularity of a fast freight train.

The last few selections on the Victor set seem gratuitous to me: Hawkins with strings, Hawkins on an average blues, Hawkins in his modified Coltrane mood accompanying singer Joe Williams, and Hawkins in duet with Sonny Rollins in a good but not exceptional "Just Friends."

The Mainstream series continues to be incongruously edited. Hawkins's very interesting 1943 solo on "Mop Mop" shows up on an LP devoted to pianists called *Chairman of the Board* (Mainstream 6008), also featuring Art Tatum, but a companion piece from the same recording date, "Esquire Blues," shows up on a set called *52nd Street* (6009), and a third, "My Ideal," shows up on still another LP devoted to tenor saxophonists (6002).

In turn, each of these sets offers works by Chu Berry; he was a forceful and engaging player, but it seems to me

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questionable whether his work really survives in 1964 when placed beside the master's. The sets also variously offer three tracks by Ben Webster. "Linger Awhile" and "Memories of You" indicate a triumph of talent and honest emotion over taste, as his embellished opening choruses suggest he learned these pieces from fatuous cocktail pianists or commercial string arrangements. On the faster "Just a Riff" (on Mainstream 6002) Webster quickly resorts to an exaggerated vibrato and growl. Ben Webster today is a better soloist than the Ben Webster on these tracks, and one of the best tenor saxophonists living. He has accepted his technical limitations, has gradually emulated Hawkins less and less, and become a relatively simple, tasteful, and eloquent melodist. (Try Verve 8097 for classic Ben Webster.)

Don Byas is a quite sophisticated Hawkins pupil; he is represented by a good "Indiana" and "These Foolish Things" (both on Mainstream 6002), and an "I Got Rhythm" (on 6004) that is one of the most frustrating jazz performances I have ever heard. Byas, accompanied only by bass, chooses his notes with an astonishing technical knowledge and subtlety, but his phrasing is in the Hawkins freight-train manner reduced to a monotonous absurdity.

Also on the Mainstream anthology of tenor saxophonists (6002) is the 1938 "'Way Down Yonder in New Orleans" with Lester Young, who not only broke completely with the influence of Hawkins, but who also offered a new sensibility to jazz music as a whole. The performance is one of the masterpieces of recorded jazz, with an excellent solo by trumpeter Buck Clayton, a superb tenor solo by Young—one of those nearly perfect examples of extemporaneous melody that could in themselves attest to the artistic validity of jazz improvisation—and a delicate, dancing episode of improvised polyphony between Clayton and Young's clarinet.

The record date that produced this "Way Down Yonder" produced more than one masterpiece, and the rest of it appears on Mainstream 6012. The album has Young's delicate clarinet invention on "I Want a Little Girl," his touching clarinet variant of a traditional blues melody on "Pagin' the Devil," and a very good tenor invention plus more polyphony with Clayton on "Them There Eyes."

All of these Lester Young selections, including "'Way Down Yonder," were collected about two years ago on a single Commodore LP (FL 30,014) that can still probably be found and that for its completeness is obviously a better set to have.

—Martin Williams.

Pittsburgh Jazz

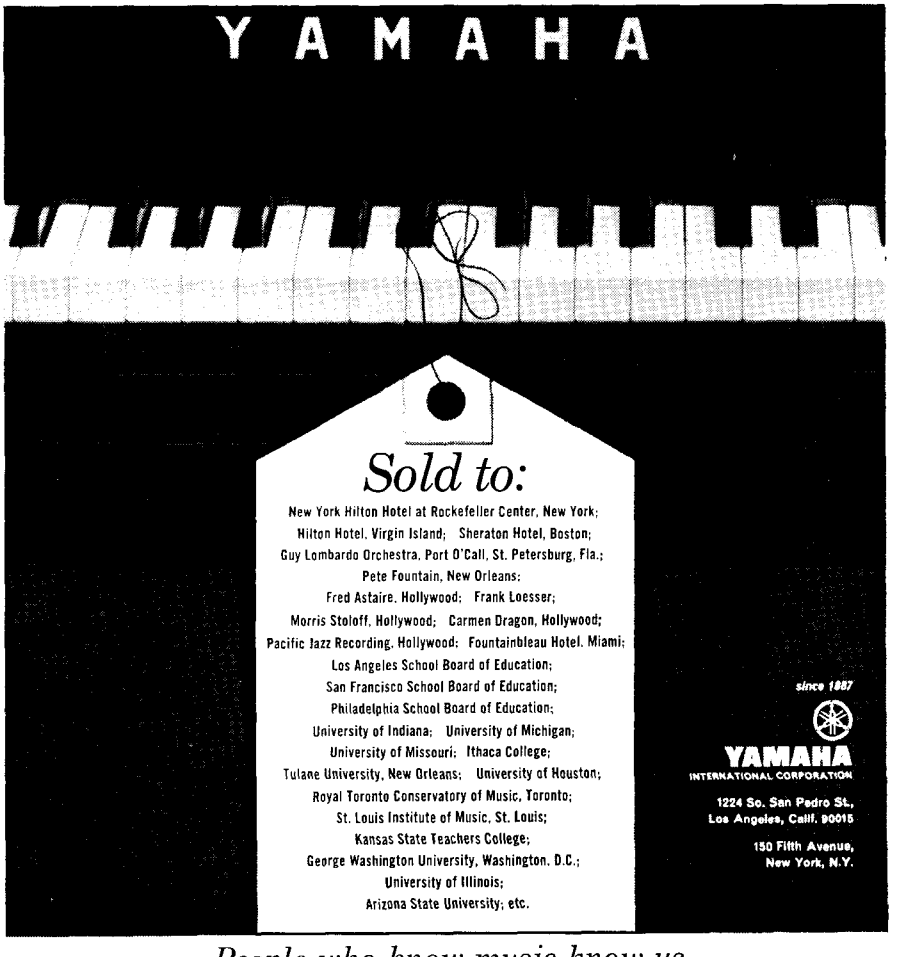
Continued from page 43

Mary Lou excellent support, and she showed herself as a pianist to be fully equal in thought and technique to most of the contemporary idols. Crisp, logical everything in place, her effortlessly swinging solos were yet pregnant with emotional intensity. The development and form, which distinguishes her work from everyday, untidy improvisation, perhaps stem from her experience as an arranger.

Her experience as a pianist in big bands was certainly in evidence in the next set, when she was joined by Snooky Young, Thad Jones, Melba Liston, Al Grey, Julius Watkins, Ben Webster, and Budd Johnson, with Charlie Persip replacing Percy Brice. Fortunately, the piano was a little overamplified throughout, so that it was impossible not to appreciate the inspiration her accompaniment imparted. Julius Watkins was the first soloist, and it is doubtful whether jazz was ever blown so vehemently on the French horn before. When the rest of the group joined in behind him, riffing, an extremely exciting effect was achieved. Al Grey and Ben Webster were then featured in Melba Liston's fine arrangement of "The Blues" from Duke Ellington's "Black, Brown, and Beige," Grey's trombone taking the place of Joya Sherrill's voice and Webster giving far more warmth of expression to the tenor saxophone solo than that on the original recording. Grey returned on an original of his, "Tacos and Grits," and was joined by Budd Johnson, who showed himself just as much at ease—and just as imaginative—on alto as on his customary tenor saxophone. There was a showcase for Melba Liston's trombone called "Lensirrah," and the set ended with Ben Webster romping through "Cottontail" once more, but with a tremendous, driving piano accompaniment from Mary Lou that Duke would have admired.

For the finale on the second night (early Sunday morning), there was "Praise the Lord," as created by Mary Lou Williams. The big band was back on stage to furnish a violently rhythmic background for a sermon delivered by Jimmy Mitchell and addressed to the Bernice Johnson Dancers. The latter outdid themselves as an ecstatic congregation, responding to the dual commands of the preacher and the insistent music with wholehearted abandon. It was one of those happy marriages between dancing and jazz that are nowadays too seldom encountered.

—Stanley Dance.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150 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y.
People who know music know us.

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Trophy Room.

Look headquarters. On its walls hang the scores of editorial awards that set Look apart as America's most honored magazine.

So far this year, Look has received major awards from such leading civic and professional organizations as Sigma Delta Chi, the National Education Association, National Conference of Christians and Jews, Overseas Press Club and New York Art Directors Club.*

Significantly, these awards cover the entire editorial spectrum—from reporting to art direction, from photography to feature writing. They are a tribute not to a single phase of publishing but to the basic Look approach . . . the Look concept of personal journalism.

Such critical acclaim is a tribute, too, to the skill and dedication of *all* Look personnel working under Editor Daniel D. Mich (who himself was honored by the Society of Magazine Writers as "the editor who did the most in 1963 to raise the standards of magazines.")

Next time you're near 51st and Madison, drop in and see our trophies. They show why Look, the biggest-selling magazine in its field, is also one of the most respected publications in America. But don't count on a short visit. Not if you want to see them all.

LOOK—A PUBLICATION OF COWLES MAGAZINES AND BROADCASTING, INC.

*Awards to LOOK in 1964: only award "for public service in magazine journalism" presented by Sigma Delta Chi, largest journalism society; National Press Photographers Association-University of Missouri-World Book Encyclopedia award "for the best use of photographs by any magazine"; only Gold Medal for editorial design given to a magazine by the New York Art Directors Club; plus high honors from National Education Association, Freedoms Foundation, National Conference of Christians and Jews, Overseas Press Club, Newspaper Guild of New York, National Headliners Club, National Safety Council and others.

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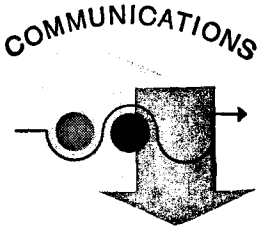
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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Policing the Advertiser

THE United States Department of Commerce has just published a 105-page report on self-regulation in American advertising based on material compiled by the Advertising Advisory Committee to the Secretary of Commerce, a gathering of seventeen heads of leading advertising and media groups. While the report is not an official view, Secretary Luther H. Hodges finds it a "helpful compendium of the experience in self-regulating in advertising." Since most Americans not associated with the advertising business have little or no knowledge of the extent or nature of self-regulation in advertising, it is all to the good that a public education program be given the widest possible publicity to help remedy the public's unawareness, to report what has been done so far, and to suggest what needs to be done to make self-regulation even more vigorous.

The screening and checking of advertising by the media in which it appears is the most vigorous as well as the oldest form of self-regulation. In its October 1880 issue, the *Farm Journal* published this resounding notice: "*Fair Play*—We believe, through careful inquiry, that all advertisements in this paper are signed by trustworthy persons, and to prove our faith by works we will make good to subscribers any loss sustained by trusting advertisers who prove to be deliberate swindlers. Rogues shall not ply their trade at the expense of our readers, who are our friends through the medium of these columns. Let this be understood by everybody now and henceforth."

The *Farm Journal*'s determination to keep out of its columns rogues and swindlers and to repay reader-victims was unique in its day, when a vast majority of America's press exercised little or no restraint over advertising content. If you feel that some of the patent-medicine gibberish you hear and see nowadays on TV is emetic or, indeed, downright dangerous to the consuming public, you should fish out a nineteenth-century newspaper and look through the patent-medicine claims, which practically guaranteed a complete cure for every disease from gout to flat feet. Were any radio or TV broadcaster to put such garbage on the air today he would be hooted off by a more sophisticated audience than apparently read the Victorian press.

Self-regulatory activity has speeded up of late. The Scripps-Howard newspapers have a single Standards Department that passes on the truth and taste of all advertisements, especially medical claims, for the entire chain. In Chicago, the *Tribune* operates a comprehensive system of advertising review, supervised by a three-man board of censors, while the Chicago *Daily News* and *Sun-Times* operate through an Advertising Acceptance Committee. The *New York Times* will not accept such an advertised claim as "the finest coat we have ever seen," but permits such a statement as "the finest coat we have ever sold." An advertiser is allowed to say that here is "*an* outstanding value in men's footwear" but not "*the* outstanding value in men's footwear." Chicago newspapers recently refused to publish an ad for "free" health lectures because investigation

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revealed that the "free" lectures were simply an introduction to a $25 course on diet and food preparation, while in other markets these lectures were advertised primarily to sell a set of cookware at $200 or more. Another ad that caused difficulty was: "Men, Women, Wanted to Grow Mushrooms." Investigation revealed that the proprietor of this company had been found guilty of mail fraud in 1940, had resumed activity in 1946, had been re-arrested in 1947, and in 1956 had been found guilty of violating the Pure Food and Drug Act, as a result of which he served eighteen months in prison.

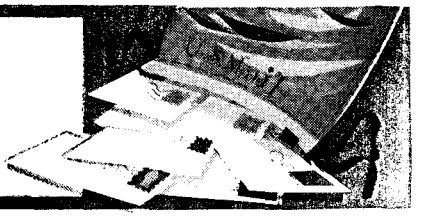
STANDARDS for advertising submitted to the Detroit *News* describe the following types of material as unacceptable: "advertising in bad taste or offensive to any group on moral, religious, or discriminatory grounds"; advertising in which "copy, headline or illustration . . . states or implies conduct which by normal standards is considered morally or socially unacceptable"; advertisements proposing marriage or seeking introductions to members of the opposite sex; medical advertisements of products containing dangerous or habit-forming drugs, or using offensive or unpleasant language; mail order medical advertising; advertisements that offer homework for pay; advertisements for fortune tellers and similar practitioners; help-wanted advertisements that make extravagant or misleading offers of salary or reward. In addition, the *News* reminds advertising staff members: "It is illegal for an advertiser offering employment to advertise his own race, color, creed, or nationality, or to indicate any such preference in his prospective employee. Employer requests for job applicants to send photographs are a violation of the Michigan Fair Employment Practice Commission's regulations."

The American Newspaper Publishers Association reports that every one of its more than 870 member papers has by now set up its own standards of advertising ethics and acceptability. Since ANPA members account for 90 per cent of all newspaper advertising in the United States (as well as 90 per cent of daily circulation), the value of these standards is crystal-clear.

Any reader wishing a fuller report on the subject of self-regulation in advertising can get it by writing the U.S. Government Printing Office in Washington. The 105-page report costs 60 cents and is well worth one's time, particularly if one feels, as we do, that the public is entitled to the fullest possible protection from dangerous and improper marketing in a country where more than $13,000,000,000 is spent each year on advertising alone.

—R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor



Days of the "Extra!"

IN THE EDITORIAL on the Ayer Cup competition, "Trends in Typography" [*SR*, June 13], you commendably deplore the "jarring tendency toward flamboyance, perhaps for street sale reasons, [that] appears to be damaging many fine metropolitan front pages." Prior to the advent of radio, television, and "instant news," that sort of thing was noticeable chiefly in the "extra" editions peddled by vendors whose jargon and manner of vocal delivery usually succeeded —as intended—in mystifying rather than enlightening the man in the street. In our own day, the battle for added circulation shows little evidence that it is slackening. Nevertheless, certain publications, notably the Washington *Evening Star*, the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and the *New York Times*, are managing to hold their own in the competition for readers in spite of (or perhaps because of) their adherence to what I'd call the time-honored rules of makeup decorum. . . .

Much is heard about America's growing sophistication—a natural by-product of educational opportunities available to the many, rather than, as formerly, to the few. Is it not somewhat paradoxical that a more subtle approach currently remains the exception rather than the rule when it comes to devising the over-all effect of front pages? Surely it's about time these "windows on the world" ceased to be fashioned solely with the thought that "he who reads may run." Harried and surrounded by personal and business problems we may well be. Even so, we can't subsist and be well informed if dependence is placed upon the often oversimplified generalities imparted by headlines. The bare bones of any news development having already been divulged by means of radio and television, editors would do both themselves and us a service were they to concentrate on fleshing out those ethereal skeletons.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN.

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

The Cigarette Warning

The Federal Trade Commission has announced that cigarette manufacturers will be required to carry a warning on their package labels, beginning January 1, to the effect that cigarette smoking is dangerous to health and "may cause death from cancer and other diseases." This would be self-regulation of advertising at its finest—but also, in the opinion of most Madison Avenuers, a hopeless and unenforceable procedure. A government agency can warn people that a product is dangerous to health, but it is unlikely that any government agency will ever be able to force a manufacturer to spend good money on his packaging or in his advertising to condemn the very thing he has to sell. Most agencies on Madison Avenue believe the FTC cannot make the regulation stick, splendid as its motives may be, and that other means will have to be found to warn smokers of their peril. —R.L.T.

Funds for Friends

THE ARTICLE "The High Cost of Writing," by James F. Fixx [*SR*, June 13], is of special interest to us here at the *Friends Journal*. We always seem to be faced with the need for articles, but with no way to pay for having them written. Some of our problems might be eased if we could develop a "Friends Fund" to be used in the manner of the Beinecke and Stern funds. Could I have permission to reproduce fifty copies of this article to send to our Board of Managers and members of Friends Publishing Corporation?

BUSH CLINTON,
Business Manager,
Friends Journal.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *All requests for permission to reprint articles or parts of articles from SR should be addressed to the magazine, attention Mrs. Ivy Dodd.*

Addresses for Advertisers?

IN THE SPIRIT OF American industry, why should your advertisers keep their addresses a secret? It is a disservice to their customers and to themselves. How can a customer respond to an ad to tell the company his opinions, his criticisms, his desires and/or needs regarding the advertised products? It seems to me that by barring this communication, American manufacturers are not permitting their funds spent on both advertising and product development for market acceptance to approach maximum acceptance. And I feel your editorial policy should be to campaign to get advertisers to give the company address in their ads.

RICHARD M. DAY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Bright Spot

WE NOTED IN THE Letters to the Communications Editor [*SR*, June 13] a letter from a Los Angeles lady lauding Vin Scully as a radio broadcaster for making one see so well with one's ears. We have in our locality two announcers over WGN, Chicago, who broadcast the Cubs games – Jack Quinlan and Lou Boudreau. When a home run sails out of Wrigley Field, Jack Quinlan makes us hear the plop in Lake Michigan or the crack in a windshield of a car in the parking lot. It is always gay listening, win or lose. Long may they hold their position so we can have a little fun along the way. Incidentally, your magazine is a very bright spot in our mailbox. When we finish with it, it is sent to another, even though you lose a subscription thereby!

MRS. ARTHUR N. DENSEM.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

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THE HARD SELL IN WASHINGTON

By JOHN TEBBEL

WASHINGTON.

ONE morning last month some 10,000,000 Republicans, Democrats, and Undecideds picked up the illustrated shopping guides that pass for Sunday newspapers in America and found tucked away in their endless folds a twenty-four-page supplement calculated to draw blood.

It was a supplement produced by a public relations firm at an estimated cost of $350,000. It ran as paid advertising in fourteen major newspapers and depicted in living color, as well as conventional black-and-white, the multiple activities of the President of the United States. Although it was the most obvious kind of campaign publicity, the creators of this supplement had the cool courage to label it as "not a political document," in spite of the unconcealed fact that the money for it came from an organization called the President's Club, set up by President Kennedy as a personal political fund-raising device and continued as such by President Johnson.

While there was nothing illegal in this exercise, it raised anew, in conjunction with other recent Washington developments, some serious questions concerning the always delicate relationship between the Presidency and the press.

The fact is that something new has been added to that relationship in the past thirty-five years, and that something is public relations, with its formidable battery of persuasion techniques that are so important a part of American business life. We accept their use in business because it would be impossible to do otherwise, even if we wished. Public relations is itself an industry, with its own trade association (in effect) which uses PR techniques on its own behalf.

But when it comes to government, there is an uneasy feeling, at least in some quarters, that different standards ought to prevail. Sometimes this feeling emerges in outraged cries of partisan frustration. Naturally, at the moment, it is the Republicans who cry havoc, but the same weapons are equally available to the Messrs. Goldwater, Scranton, *et al.*, and none but the hopelessly naïve doubt that a Republican administration would use them, given the opportunity provided by a party in power.

Whether they would use them as adroitly is another matter. Beginning with President Kennedy and continuing with Mr. Johnson, the Democrats in the past four years have put on a display of public relations in action that no private business could hope to match. The attractiveness of the Kennedy family to all the media, print and electronic, was extraordinary, and no effort would have been needed to guarantee maximum exposure. The tragic circumstances under which President Johnson came to power were sufficient in themselves to give him a sendoff far above the usual.

Yet both Presidents have been past masters in the use of public relations techniques, and a good deal of the controversy that has surrounded them stems from that fact. Manipulation of the news, so called, is merely the exercise of a method that is commonplace in the public relations activities of private business. The constant struggle in Washington over "freedom of information," in the ringing phrase of the times, only reproduces on a grander, more dramatic scale the effort to find out what is going on in the private sector—a pursuit far less keen because politics are not involved.

When business is attacked, it protects its interests with every skilful ploy in the public relations bag of tricks. When government is attacked, it uses the prestige of the Presidency, the sacred cow of national security, and the naked power inherent in all governments, all of which enables it to put the best face on whatever it may be doing, or to sell its policies to the electorate.

Just as private-sector public relations carefully plants favorable information or self-serving points of view in all the media, so does a President permit himself to be interviewed and photographed by carefully selected newspapers, national magazines, and television programs. The flow of information from government to public is manipulated and controlled by every administration these days, whether that information comes from the White House or from a government agency.

The press is fond of portraying itself in this situation as a band of dedicated zealots hot after the truth, striving against enormous odds to provide the public with information that the government is presumably trying to conceal or distort.

If this is indeed the case, it is hard to explain the eagerness to be raped that appears when a particular reporter is invited to the White House for a private conversation (or even more intimately, according to one correspondent, to go skinnydipping with the President in the White House pool), or when a particular magazine is promised an exclusive story by a government agency that helps develop the piece by making available information denied to the remainder of the

(*Continued on page* 61)

The Beagles, the President, and the Public: A Case History

April 28—In the White House rose garden, President Johnson playfully lifts his beagles, Him and Her, off their forefeet by their ears, eliciting brief yelps. The incident is recorded by an Associated Press photographer and every reporter present.

April 29—Dog lovers and Republicans unite in protest. President says ear-lifting was done at the request of photographers, denies it hurt the dogs, and accuses the reporters of making him sound inhumane.

April 30—The Administration totters as Arthur Krock devotes his column in the *New York Times* to a description of Mr. Johnson's embarrassment and annoyance. Nothing is heard from the beagles.

May 2—Dog fanciers appear ready to forgive the President, but the Republicans are more reluctant.

May 3—While touring the White House grounds with the press, Mr. Johnson devotes some time to playing with the beagles, demonstrating his devotion to dogs in general and beagles in particular.

May 5—President again lifts Him and Her by the ears in full view of press to prove that the dogs do not object. They do not.

May 7—In the course of a full-scale regular press conference, Mr. Johnson discloses that he has accepted life membership in the Vanderburgh Humane Society of Evansville, Indiana. End of episode.

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Portraits by Press Camera

By MARGARET R. WEISS

PHOTOGRAPHER Morris Warman was only five when his future career was fairly well determined. This was not a case of the infant prodigy at work, or even an extension of the average five-year-old's fireman-policeman-baseball pitcher syndrome. It was simply the result of a tradition-minded father's belief that his children should be trained and able to carry on the family business, a flourishing photographic portrait studio in Bayonne, New Jersey.

Plans, however, did not work out quite as the senior Mr. Warman envisioned. Having been initiated into the challenges of press photography by some free-lance coverage for the Bayonne *Times,* young Morris declined the role of heir-apparent, and his father still runs the studio himself. Nonetheless, he has reason for paternal pride. Today, after more than fifteen years as staff news photographer for the New York *Herald Tribune,* his son gives full credit to the firm " home rule" discipline of his early apprenticeship. Not only sound training in studio and darkroom procedures but the daily demands of dealing with people and putting them at ease before the camera were invaluable preparation for a photo reporter's life.

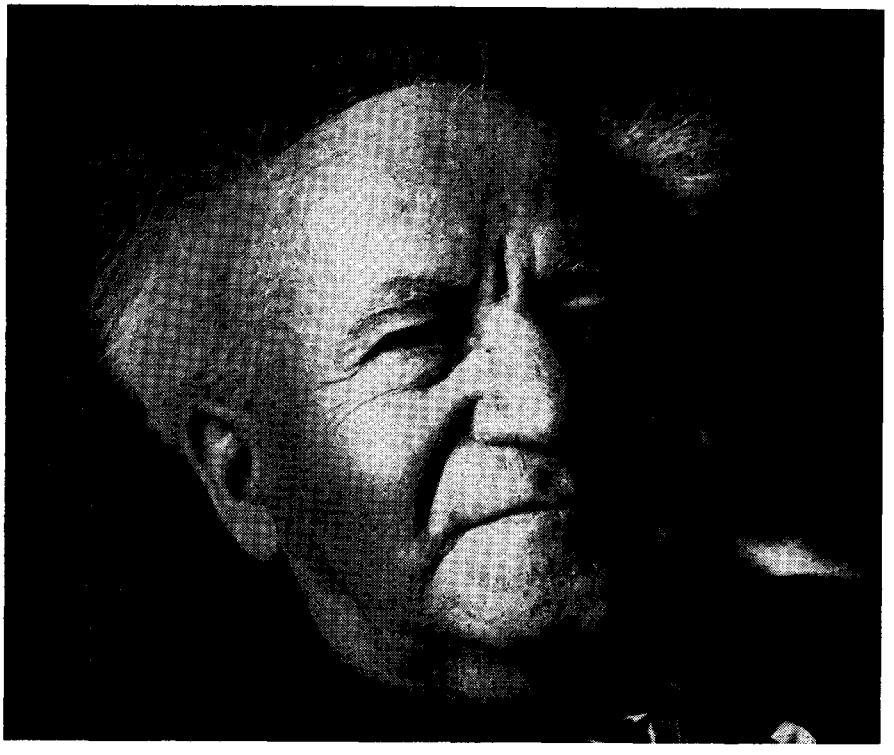
A valued and consistent award-winning member of the *Tribune's* skilled photographic team, Warman has recently been accorded another honor—this time the kind of recognition that even the best of press photographers can rarely hope for. A New York art gallery, never before open to photography exhibits though anxious to "encourage young artists of exceptional talent," installed a one-man show of Warman's camerawork.

Happily, the gallery had no cause to regret the unprecedented move, for metropolitan art critics gave unanimous approval to what they saw on exhibit. What's more, the public did, too, and the show was given an extended run by popular demand. (The exhibit, "Portraits of Our Time"—from which the photos on these pages have been selected—is currently on view in the Better Living Center at the World's Fair, and next month opens at the Festival of Arts in New Hampshire's Lake Tarleton Club.)

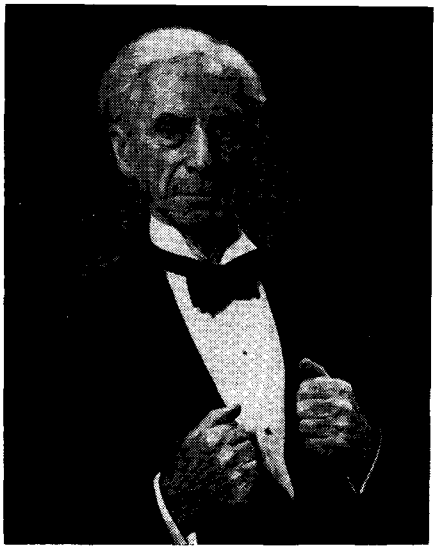
Although these photographs have been taken during Warman's regular round of news assignments—many of them at ribbon-cutting ceremonies, forums, celebrity functions, previews, or rehearsals—they reflect the quality of carefully planned studio portraits. Planned, but not posed—for an incisive directness, a completely natural look distinguishes any Warman subject. Here, having to compose and expose in the brief seconds available seems only to work to his advantage. But the far from ideal conditions of overcrowding and improper lighting characteristic of much spot-news coverage definitely call for what Warman has—a conditioned reflex for spotting a portrait possibility and an almost instinctive response to "the human side of the news."

Warman claims, "Given existing light, a 35mm Leica, and faces to picture, it is easy to find a portrait in everybody you see—if you *look for* it and if you're interested in people." Perhaps so—if you are also fortunate enough to have his special attributes as a photographer (not to mention that early life-with-Father apprenticeship). It is these that have equipped Morris Warman to make news with his portraits as he goes about the daily business of portraying the news.

"This one's by Bachrach!"



DAVID BEN-GURION—"Cameramen were being hurried out after a few routine shots of Mayor Wagner welcoming the Israeli leader. But Senator Javits suggested Ben-Gurion sit down for a moment and let me make a quick portrait."



BERTRAND RUSSELL—"One of many pictures that resulted from my coverage of Herald Tribune Forums, it's another example of how hands may help characterize the subject. Here a militant spirit is obviously ready to fight for causes he believes in."

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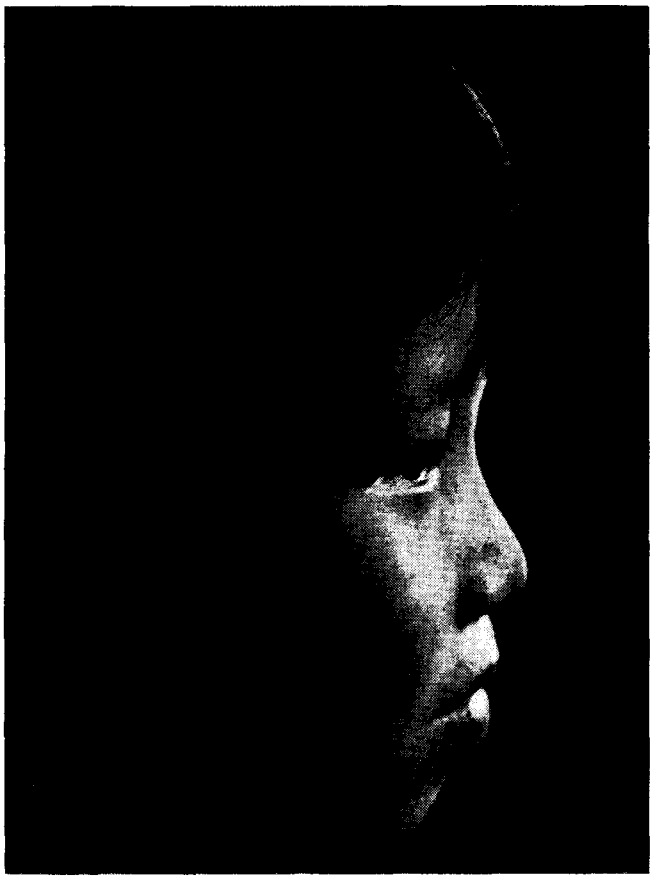
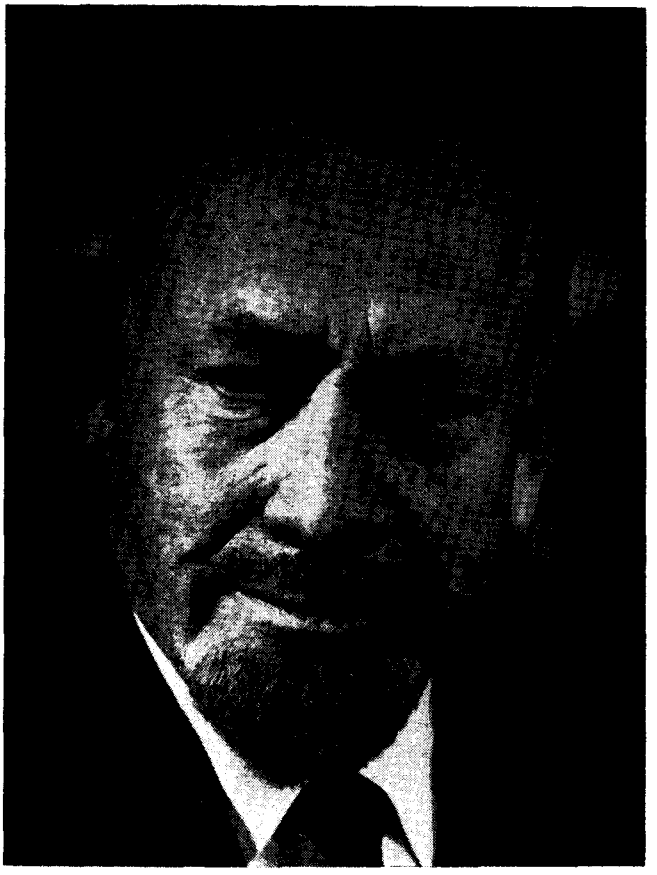


CHINESE ORPHAN—"This little seven-year-old was the latest addition to a group of war orphans adopted by a suburban New York family. During a momentary lull in the children's play, I suddenly saw the wistfulness of a still lost and lonely child."



JOHN STEINBECK—"The Viking offices were teeming with people and congratulations. . . . Steinbeck had just been named the 1962 Nobel Prize winner and his face showed mixed surprise and pleasure."

EDITH PIAF—"I shot 'The Sparrow' when I spotted her among the invited guests at a Herald Tribune Forum about ten years ago."

MARTHA GRAHAM—"Hands of a performer 'talk,' too, and often add dimension to the speaking likeness—as in this portrait snapped at a dress rehearsal in the dancer's studio."

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The Unspectacular Douglas Leigh

By JAMES F. FIXX

FOR anywhere from $3,000 to $25,000 a month, you, too, can have your name in lights on Broadway. And the man to see about it is Douglas Leigh.

Leigh, an improbably soft-spoken Alabaman who has been called King of the Spectaculars and the Lamplighter of Broadway, is responsible for some of the biggest and boldest of the animated signs that blink, bubble, and bedazzle visitors to Times Square. It is, in fact, impossible to wander through Times Square without being aware of his work, for at last count he had some fifteen examples of it there, ranging from the venerable Camel Cigarettes sign, now rounding out a quarter-century of puffing giant smoke rings over the heads of the crowd, to an intricate combination of 4,104 light bulbs, 1,026 photoelectric cells, and 200,000 miles of wiring that flashes animated cartoons from high above the street.

It's a giddy and often gaudy species of advertising, and Douglas Leigh is its undisputed master. His special bailiwick is Times Square ("If you didn't have all these passing people, you wouldn't have an audience"), where he has made

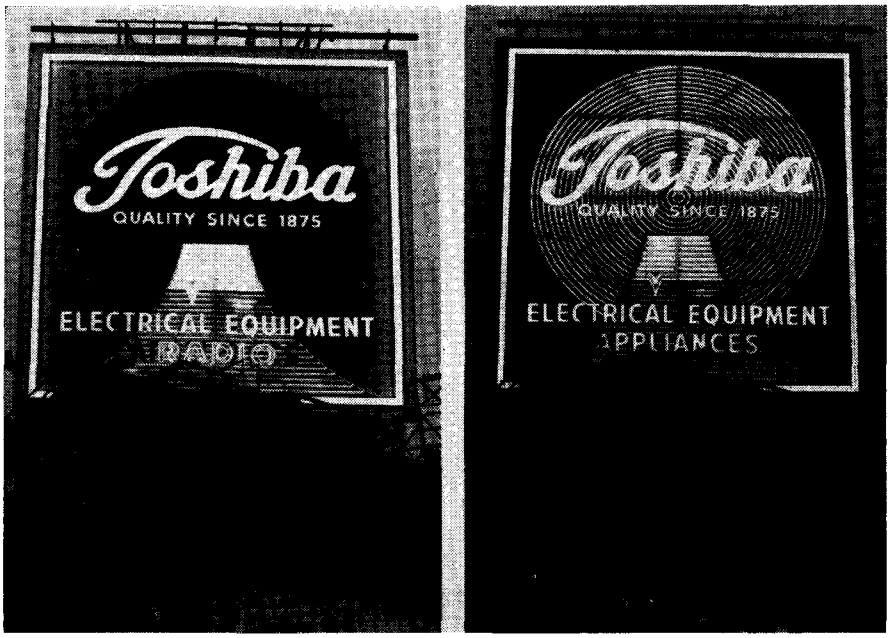
himself something of a legend among outdoor advertising men. For whether you admire his work or not, there's no denying that an element of sheer wizardry lies behind it. Who else, for example, ever thought of putting up a sign two-thirds the length of a football field—especially one sporting a seventy-five-foot waterfall flanked by a pair of sixty-foot Pepsi-Cola bottles? And who else ever dreamed of giant coffee cups that steam invitingly, giant neon rings tossed by a clown to advertise beer, and giant bubbles to advertise soap?

The key word in each case is "giant." At their best, Leigh's signs—known in the trade as "spectaculars"—are so enormous as to overwhelm any nearby opposition. But since sheer size is scarcely enough to make even a modest splash in a business designed to attract instant attention, there must also be movement—big, bright, and compelling. And Leigh's work has size and movement aplenty. "When I plan a spectacular," he once said, "I just take cold-blooded advantage of people's love for toys."

He is not, however, quite as cold-blooded as he might strike a casual Times Square visitor being buffeted for the first time by all the neon glitter. Indeed, he is fond of pointing out that he wears two hats, one for his work in spectaculars and the other for his efforts toward civic improvement. Wearing the second hat as president of an organization called the Broadway Association, he recently proposed to New York's Mayor Robert F. Wagner that the city sponsor construction of a 500-by-800-foot convention hall to be built between Seventh and Eighth Avenues and 41st and 43rd Streets, complete with mammoth exhibition areas, steel supports to float the entire structure thirty or forty feet above ground level, and possibly a rooftop heliport. He is also responsible for the refurbishing of the Times Tower at the south end of Times Square as a new headquarters for the Allied Chemical Corporation, and for plans to complement it with a similarly refurbished Claridge Hotel at Broadway and 44th Street.

If all this signals the beginning of a Times Square renaissance, it can't come too soon for Douglas Leigh. He is visibly pained, as we discovered when we called on him the other day, by references, however delicately phrased, to the area's honky-tonk atmosphere. "People talk about Times Square being vulgar," he said, "when what they really mean is 42nd Street between Seventh and Eighth. That's the part that's vulgar." It was no accident, therefore, that the site chosen for the proposed convention hall precisely straddles that block. "The plan," Leigh told Mayor Wagner, "would eliminate one of New York City's worst blights."

THE man behind this multifarious storm of activity on the Great White Way looks as misplaced as a clergyman at a burlesque show. Far from being the fast-talking, back-slapping, cigar-chomping supersalesman that imagination might suggest, Leigh is so quiet he has been called downright mousy, so diffident that his voice sometimes becomes almost inaudible, and so conservative in dress and manner that one observer has said he looks like "the guy you forget two minutes after meeting him at a cocktail party." At fifty-seven, even after thirty-odd years in New York, he still talks with a strong hint of his native Anniston, Alabama, a fact that inevitably disarms clients who can't quite believe that the King of the Spectaculars sounds more like a tourist than a tycoon. His office on Fifth Avenue—a thoroughfare on which spectaculars are forbidden—looks like hundreds of others, except for the gadgetry indigenous to his trade. In one room a long table is



Eastern exposure—For a Japanese firm, Leigh designed this shimmery neon spectacular in Times Square.

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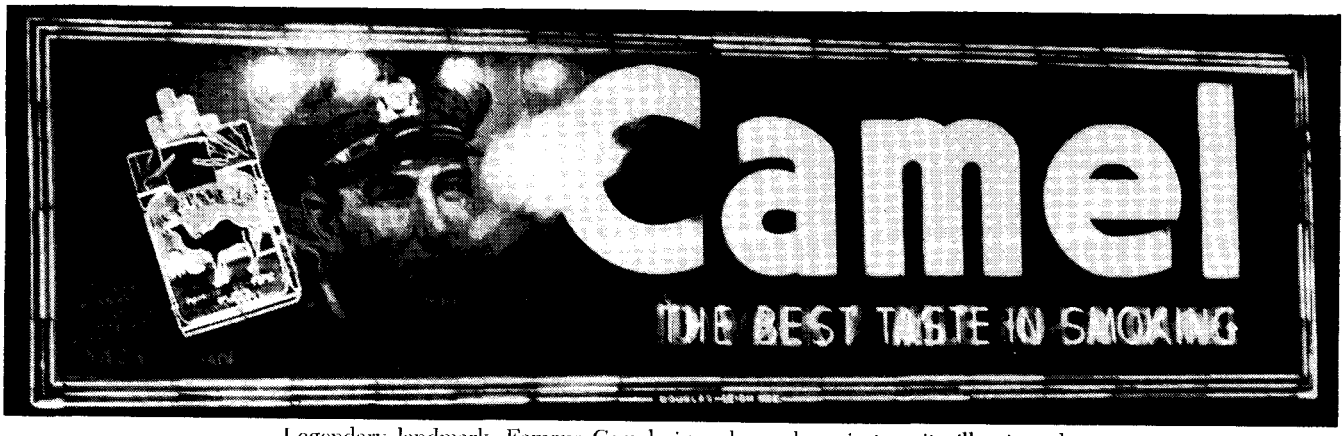


Legendary landmark—Famous Camel sign, shown here just as its illuminated legend changes, has been blowing smoke rings in Times Square since 1941.

rigged with a trap door in its surface. When the trap door is opened, a console of switches and dials is revealed, and an operator can dim the lights and project miniature spectaculars on a screen that is bathed in ultraviolet light to simulate Broadway at night. The screen and console are part of Leigh's salesmanship technique and are used to show prospective clients what their money (an average of $6,000 or so a month for Times Square space) can buy. Another part of his technique is a consistently soft sell that lets the client himself discover all the fringe benefits of having a spectacular in Times Square—free advertising in newsreels, on picture postcards, and in movies, not to mention all those amateur snapshots that are eventually shown to Aunt Hattie back in Sioux City.

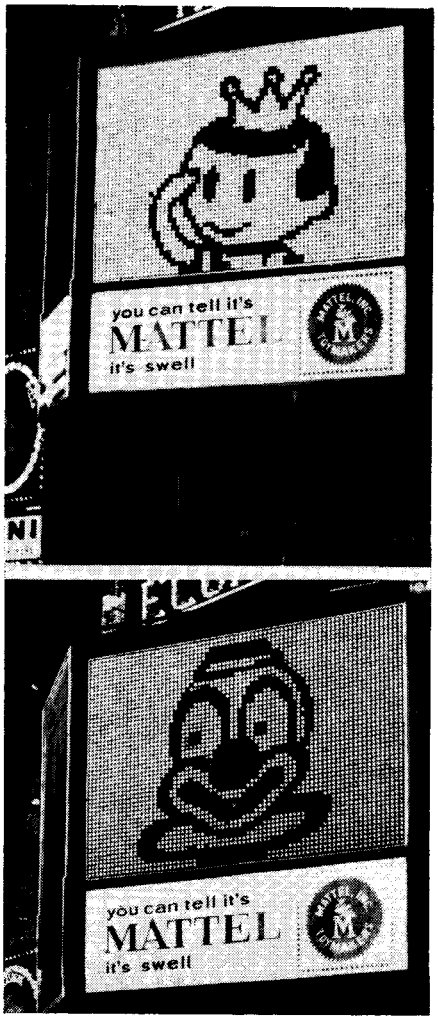
ORDINARILY, when Times Square space becomes available Leigh goes out in search of a client Occasionally, however, a client simply walks in the door. Such a case occurred with the Toshiba sign at 47th Street and Broadway. "Toshiba was already the G.E. of Japan," Leigh says. "They came into this country with their radios and appliances, but they had no recognition. They knew exactly what they wanted when they came to us." The result was a flashing array of lights in the form of a volcano and rising sun.

To describe it that way, however, is to make Leigh's business sound so simple that anyone with a boxful of light bulbs could make a wild success of it. The fact is that there's an elusive genius to it all, and some of the stories Leigh tells give off an unmistakable echo of Newton under the apple tree and Archimedes in the bathtub. Back in 1941, for example, Leigh's brother, Ted, showed him a trick. Slipping the cellophane wrapper off a pack of cigarettes, Ted burned a small hole in it, blew smoke into the hole, and then gently tapped the wrapper. From out of the hole came a perfect smoke ring with every tap. It was more than mere coincidence that the Camel sign went up in Times Square soon afterward.

Leigh's fascination with the possibilities of outdoor advertising began just after his sophomore year at the University of Florida in Gainesville when he left college to join a sign firm in Atlanta. But he soon became impatient with what he regarded as his employers' old-fashioned and unimaginative ways, and in 1930 he arrived in New York City and landed a job with the General Outdoor Advertising Company, then the country's biggest poster firm. Before long, however, he resigned that job, too, to go into business for himself. Needing capital, he sold his second-hand car. He then got an option on a signboard in the Bronx, photographed it with a Brownie camera, and painted in a sign advertising the St. Moritz Hotel. A few days later, after a talk with the manager of the St. Moritz, Leigh had made his first sale in New York. It was not long afterward that he made his first incursion into Times Square—with an idea his former employers had turned down. It was a mammoth illuminated coffee cup with steam hissing forth from holes along its rim, and he rented it to A&P for $2,000 a month. At the ripe old age of twenty-three, Leigh had hit the big time.

In the years since, he has brought a new verve and brightness to the business of spectaculars, and his work has become known far from Times Square. His company—which he operates with a handful of twenty or so people—has designed illuminated identifications in New York for the Time and Life Building, the Mutual of New York Building, the Equitable Building, and the Newsweek Building. Moreover, signs designed by Douglas Leigh, Inc., can currently be seen as far afield as Chicago (BOAC and Pepsi-Cola) and Hollywood (BOAC).

But it would be a mistake to get the impression that Leigh, for all his success, has been able to accomplish everything his restless imagination has ever dreamed up. He has, for one thing, never succeeded in converting the tower of the Empire State Building into a giant cigarette, as he has occasionally thought of trying. Nor has he achieved one of the fondest dreams of his youth—to paint an ad for the Prudential Insurance Company ("Prudential has the strength of Gibraltar") on the rocky cliffs of Gibraltar itself.



Light work—A wall of 4,104 light bulbs forms animated cartoons.

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PUBLISHING THE CORPORATE BOOK

By WILBUR CROSS, *editorial director of Books for Business, a group of free-lance writers and editors.*

FOR some five months, the national best-seller lists have carried the name of an unusual entrant, *My Years with General Motors,* by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. Equally prominent a few weeks back was *Confessions of an Advertising Man,* another volume by an eminent business personality, David Ogilvy, head of the advertising agency that bears his name.

These independent achievements are significant in the world of communications because they represent a milestone: the maturing of the corporate book into something more than an expensive, cloth-bound promotion piece. When you look them square in the eye, regardless of the fact that they were independently published rather than subsidized by a corporate sponsor, these are business books. They tell the stories of executives and business procedures and marketing successes in a boldly competitive world. As an editor remarked about the Sloan work, "It is one of the most important books on American business to be published in the last decade. . . ."

In the field of biography, there are numerous cases of corporate books that have gained wide public acceptance or sound critical acclaim. One example was *A Foot in the Door,* by Alfred C. Fuller, sponsored by the Fuller Brush Company and published by McGraw-Hill. One secret of the book's popularity, says the publisher, is that co-author Hartzell Spence—an adept and prolific writer in the corporate field – "brought a great deal of narrative skill to Mr. Fuller's fascinating career."

One of the liveliest recent corporate autobiographies is *Vice President in Charge of Revolution,* by Murray D. Lincoln, as told to David Karp. Mr. Lincoln, as president of Nationwide Insurance and a pioneer in the American cooperative movement, could hardly miss touching off sparks when he stated his theme: 'I've suggested that we have a 'vice president in charge of revolution'. . . . His job would be to stir up everything and everybody, to criticize and challenge everything being done—objectives, methods, programs, results . . ." *Saturday Review* gave the book a favorable review, as did *The Christian Science Monitor* and *The New Yorker.*

If these books, along with others from the business world that have attracted public attention recently, have any message to tell us it is this: people will read an industrial story if it is told convincingly, stimulating, and forcefully. If some books can be geared to general acceptance, it is realistic to expect that others can be aimed at influencing more limited audiences: groups of readers in specific fields or with known interests.

An example of such a specialized work, sponsored by Standard Oil of New Jersey, is *Oil for the World,* written to provide a "non-technical and brief, but comprehensive book on oil." A modest paperback, it has run through three editions since its original release by Harper in 1950 and has been published in seven languages.

In completely different fields, company-sponsored paperbacks have enjoyed widespread success. Popular Library, for example, has published such titles as: *The World of Mr. Sheraton,* written by Ernest Henderson for Sheraton Hotels, with a reprint order alone of 250,000 copies; *Easy-To-Do Hair Styles,* by Alice Richardson, a how-to book for Tip-Top Products that has reached the quarter-million mark; and *How to Choose and Use Power Tools,* by Harry Walton for Black & Decker.

BOOKS that represent sound financial and creative investments for the sponsor do not necessarily have to be epics or best-sellers, nor do they have to appear under the imprint of a well-known publishing house. Many effective corporate books have been distributed in limited quantity (1,000 to 3,000 copies), published by small firms or even local printers. One such example is *An Enduring Heritage,* a picture-and-text profile of the engineering firm Parsons, Brinckerhoff, Quade & Douglas. Although only about 2,000 copies were distributed, to acquaint a limited audience with the wide range of the firm's engineering qualifications, hundreds of letters of commendation were received from all over the world.

Regrettably, for each company book that communicates effectively there are dozens that lay fat corporate eggs. Why are some books singularly successful while others never fulfil their original promise?

ONE answer lies in the plain fact that few corporate executives are qualified in the procedures for planning, writing, and editing a full-length work. Even the public relations director, generally the most knowledgeable staff member in matters of printed communication, is unlikely to be an experienced book editor. Furthermore, book projects characteristically fall in marginal areas of responsibility, sometimes referred to as "do-it-over-the-weekend" assignments. Another common executive approach, going out and searching for a good writer, is no more the solution than locating a proficient chemist would be to the over-all problem of trying to develop and market a new product in the cosmetics field.

The corporate book must be recognized as a major undertaking from the start. Like any other new venture, it calls for sophisticated planning, professional consultation, and the teamwork of a number of creative specialists. Most book projects start off on the wrong foot because of faulty concept. This concept is more than simply the decision that a book is needed. It requires a careful examination of the motive, the audience, the timing, the theme, and the type of vehicle that promises to carry the message with the greatest conviction. At this point, four fundamental questions must be answered by the sponsor:

1) Why should a book be published at all?
2) What is the audience at which the work will be aimed?
3) What reaction is desired from the readers?
4) Is the objective clearly defined?

If the sponsor cannot put the answers

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What makes a newspaper great?

The 1944 presidential election hailed something new in Minnesota politics. The Minnesota Poll of Public Opinion, conducted by the Minneapolis Tribune, undertook the first statewide scientific probe of political trends.

The Poll has enjoyed remarkable success. In 1960, for example, it indicated 50.5% of Minnesota voters would choose John F. Kennedy; 50.7% actually did!

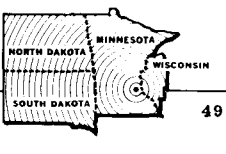
But the Minnesota Poll explores the labyrinth of public opinion far beyond politics. Since 1944, its 65 field interviewers have queried—door to door—163,000 Minnesotans on such varied and controversial subjects as gambling, civil rights, Sunday closing laws, sex education and wheat to Russia. A carefully constructed cross-section reflects all areas of Minnesota (pop. 3,500,000), from the industrial Twin Cities to rich cornbelt farms to lumber towns just a couple of ax handles from Canada.

Minneapolis Tribune readers aren't the only ones who follow the Minnesota Poll. Findings are reviewed by government officials, quoted by national magazines, studied by economists and educators. Frequently the results of the Poll turn up in the Congressional Record.

The noted Dr. George H. Gallup, on the Minnesota Poll's 20th Anniversary in March 1964, said, "Of all the polls I see, from all over the world, none words its questions as objectively as the Minnesota Poll." Dr. Gallup owns up to having borrowed a technique or two from the Minnesota Poll.

The Minnesota Poll is part of that unceasing effort of good newspapers to inform the public, completely and objectively, about the vital issues which affect their lives. It's another reason the Minneapolis Tribune and Minneapolis Star continue to be the strongest, most influential medium in the nation's 14th market.

Minneapolis Tribune MORNING SUNDAY



MINNEAPOLIS STAR EVENING

Copyright 1964 Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co.

650,000 SUNDAY • 490,000 COMBINED DAILY

JOHN COWLES, *President*

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to these questions in writing at this stage, it is hardly realistic to expect the best of editorial teams to salvage a clear-cut concept from the muddy waters. Too often, executive decisions are stifled by the traditional outlook that the objective is a "company history" or "corporate biography." There is nothing wrong with either approach, so long as the vehicle carries the message naturally and effectively. Yet, it should be realized that the proper vehicle might be an entirely different kind of book—perhaps a discussion of marketing, an educational textbook, a scientific monograph, a reference work, or a series of business surveys.

ONCE a realistic concept has been brought into focus, the creative functions can take over, if the sponsor realizes that he needs more than just a writer. Editorial research is too often bypassed in the planning stage, despite the critical role it plays from the start, and long before any writing can begin. A frequent mistake in planning is to assume that "we have all the research we need, right in our files." Again, the corporate mind does not understand that editorial research is an organizational as well as a fact-seeking function.

Finally, we come to the writer. Not a few companies have insisted that, to be effective, the book project must be placed in the hands of a "big-name" writer. This misconception can lead to problems. If the project is too weak to attract the right readers without star billing on the marquee, then it should be abandoned, or at least reshaped. Professional competence is, of course, the basic qualification. Yet it is not always necessary that the writer be a specialist in the subject field. Sometimes it is better to use a writer who can look at the project objectively than to assign one so familiar with the subject that he simply assumes his audience is following him through a jungle of specialized data and jargon.

At all times, the writer and his researchers must be backed by a competent editor. Many sponsors shy away from letting an editor get into the act, thinking of him as a luxury. But, as any established publisher will confirm, no successful nonfiction book gets into print today without responsible editorial direction. An editor is even more important in the case of a business book, where there is a delicate balance to be maintained between creative output and the demands of the sponsor.

How much will it cost?

Absurd though it may seem, this is often the first question asked by a would-be sponsor—before any decision has been made about the medium, the length and format, or the theme of the project. It is comparable to asking a real estate agent, "How much does a house cost?" The sponsor of a book project must be prepared to make an initial investment of from $3,000 to $25,000 or more for creative talent. However, if the material is significant and the text properly prepared, there is no reason why the book cannot be made partially self-liquidating. For this reason alone, cost-conscious companies would do well to determine whether they are investing enough money to produce worthwhile efforts, or whether unrealistic penny-pinching is going to result in a dud.

Here is an area where the practical use of editorial researchers will not only produce a better book, but will actually reduce costs. Improper planning often results in a writer, whose pay scale may be from $75 to $250 a day, wrestling with masses of data that a competent researcher could organize more quickly and efficiently at from $20 to $45 a day. The situation is comparable to hiring a high-paid executive to fill a staff position, then requiring him to do his own filing and typing.

When the subject of the book is one that might be of interest to general readers, it is sometimes possible to interest an independent publisher in taking it on as a direct publishing venture. In such a case, it is necessary to schedule preliminary research and have a competent writer or editor put this into outline form, possibly with sample chapter manuscripts. Usually, however, the sponsor must underwrite the book by committing himself to the purchase of a substantial number of copies – 5,000, 10,000, or more. Pepsi-Cola, as a characteristic example, interested Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc., in the publication of its 136-page history, *Twelve Full Ounces*, by agreeing to purchase at least 10,000 copies of the book.

TO sum it all up, no matter what approach is used, or how publication is achieved, concept and purpose must be carefully developed, and the assignment must be put into professional hands.

Management would do well to consider how much universities, and even relatively small colleges, accomplish each year in the way of individual or group publication. Such communications, in print and with specific purposes and audiences, add greatly to the standing of faculty members, enhance the stature of the institutions concerned, and provide needed literature in hundreds of subject fields.

There is no reason why American business and industry, mustering countless thousands of people who have something of value to say, and harboring limitless storehouses of research and data should not produce good books—outstanding books – on a continuing basis, year after year, with consequent rewards to themselves and to the reading public.

"Please, daddy, come home to us."

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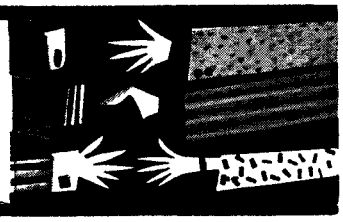
Public Relations



It's Good Business

TO successful management, a prime ingredient of a good public relations program is effective internal personnel policies. Relations with stockholders, customers, the community, government, and the general public can go sour if those who work for a corporation do not think well of it, if they do not understand its policies, or if they think they are not being dealt with fairly.

Employees are ambassadors—for good or ill—of the company. If they are not favorably inclined toward management, the chance of outsiders respecting the company is pretty remote. The active good will of employees not only means a better reputation for the company; it also means better performance.

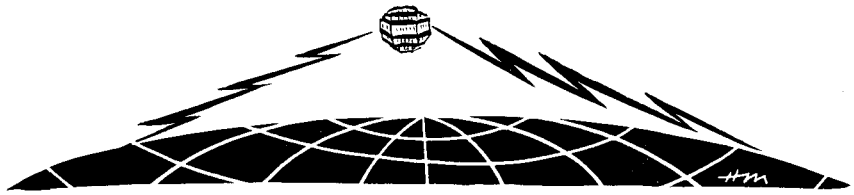
Nor is this simply a matter of "good heart" on the part of management. Successful employee relations do not mean paternalism, for business is not charity. That is one of the reasons the best employee relations are customarily found in the most efficiently and profitably run companies. Employee benefits of all kinds, from paid vacations to pension plans, from medical care to life insurance, are all part of the successful modern corporation's policy. Such benefits are taken for granted today by leading companies, but it was not always so. That is why it is worthwhile examining a pioneer in good employee relations whose success, in many ways, is due to its personnel policy.

Eastman Kodak Company has 78,400 employees around the world, including 49,200 in the United States. It had sales in 1963 of $1,107,000,000 in this country, plus sales by associate companies abroad of $379,000,000. Such figures make it an important corporation by any standard. Its profit position is good. And its employee relations are a model, demonstrating that all the films, booklets, and house organs in the world can never replace intelligent action on the part of management.

In April 1880 George Eastman rented the third floor of a loft building on State Street in Rochester, New York, and with three employees started to manufacture photographic dry plates. It wasn't long before he realized that the success of his Kodak company depended on two factors: the quality of his product and the ability of those he hired to do excellent work.

Film-making was then, as it is now, an exacting job. It demands careful attention to detail, rigid controls, and continuous testing—all of which requires highly skilled workers. George Eastman saw that good employees, well trained and well assured of work in a business that was once highly seasonal, would be likely to turn out a more trustworthy product.

It was good business sense that helped George Eastman develop his company's employee policies. These policies stressed financial security and good neighborliness wherever his plants were located. That way he could be sure of getting and keeping top workers and turning out well-made products. Eastman's employee relations eliminated fear as a guiding motive, without resorting to humanitarianism or paternalism. Even as late as 1912, when Kodak employees received their first wage dividend, Eastman told a *New York Times* reporter: "You can talk about cooperation and good feeling and friendliness from morn to midnight, but the thing the worker appreciates is the same thing the man at the helm appreciates—dollars and cents."



The chronology of Kodak employee benefits is worth careful note. In 1898 Eastman established the Kodak employee-suggestion system to improve products and practices. During its first year, 579 suggestions were entered in competition for cash prizes. The following year Eastman gave his employees a bonus called "extra pay for extra good work." A total of $178,000 was given to some 3,000 employees, for an average of about $60 each.

In 1903, Kodak began an employment stabilization program to prevent the seasonal layoffs of workers because of the seasonal use of Kodak products. By 1911 Eastman had created a benefit, accident, and pension fund for the firm's 8,200 employees around the world. And the company's first safety committee was organized to study accident prevention. The next year, when Kodak workers received their first wage dividend, based on a percentage of the dividends declared for owners of company stock, a tuition aid program was started for employees who wanted to complete or supplement their education. The recommendation of the safety committee in 1914 brought about expansion of the company's medical services. A medical department was established with a full-time director.

In 1919 Eastman donated 10,000 shares of Kodak stock, matched by another 10,000 shares from company holdings, for sale to the company's older employees. Two years later, Eastman Savings and Loan Association was organized to encourage employee savings and to help Kodak staffers finance the purchase of homes. In 1928 a private social security plan was drafted to provide for retirement annuities, life insurance, and disability benefits for employees. In 1939 Kodak began its program of annual fellowship grants to colleges and universities throughout the country.

In 1960 a Savings and Investment Plan was set up. It enabled Kodak employees to choose to have all or part of their wage dividend invested for them in common stocks, bonds, and securities. And last year Kodak announced its so-called Investaccounts Plan, under which employees may buy shares of Kodak stock through regular payroll deductions without the expense of investment or custody services or brokerage commissions.

Kodak's creative program was the handiwork of three men: George Eastman, who died in 1932; Frank W. Lovejoy, who was with the company for thirty-eight years, rose to become president and then chairman of the board, and died in 1945; and Marion B. Folsom, who retired from the company last April and was Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in the Eisenhower Administration. These three men made a unique contribution to American business. They were builders of a highly successful company. They understood, long before most, that employees whose employers are always looking out for their staff's best interests produce the best business results.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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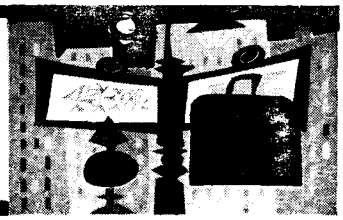
Madison Avenue



The Chicago School of Advertising

By GEORGE LAZARUS, *advertising columnist of the Chicago Daily News.*

WHAT'S happened to the Chicago school of advertising? Historians insist there was a Chicago style three or four decades ago when Albert Lasker, Claude Hopkins, and other men of similar stature hammered home the value of "reason-why" copy to advertisers. This copy dramatized and sold product benefits to consumers. As a matter of fact, the so-called Chicago school was so effective that it influenced advertising all over America and established standards for many years.

Today the difference between New York and Chicago styles is a subject that stirs up debate in after-hours gatherings along the avenues—Madison and Michigan.

Some advertising executives today feel there is a great difference. Leo Burnett, chairman of the Chicago-based agency bearing his name and one of the industry's most influential executives, says, "New York is the school of style and Chicago is the school of content."

But to many other executives, the roar of jet engines in the 1960s is fast destroying any hope of identifying or reestablishing a Chicago style or school of advertising—or a New York one, for that matter. Advertising executives are shuttling back and forth from job to job on a temporary and permanent basis with a speed that would make the likes of Lasker and Hopkins wince with envy.

Ideas are becoming so mingled and styles so copied that if you put twenty admen from Chicago and New York in a room, an inspection of their dress, speech, and creative output would reveal very little to identify them with either city. With few exceptions, the same could be said for advertising campaigns from Madison Avenue and Michigan Avenue.

One reason for this sameness in advertisements and creative output comes from Edward H. Weiss, chairman of the Chicago agency bearing his name. Weiss states, "There is very little appreciable difference in advertising today because there is little difference in the products themselves."

As Weiss views the advertising output of today's agencies, a major problem is the "great dearth of creative talent." He feels there is not enough creative talent today to cope with the growth of advertising—now a $13-billion-a-year industry. Consequently, there is no Chicago, New York, or West Coast (Los Angeles and San Francisco) "school of advertising." A certain style of advertising, he concedes, may have been more obvious and distinctive two decades ago when advertising was far below its present volume. But Weiss laments, "There's such a wealth of advertising messages pouring out of media today that very little of them are memorable."

Weiss went on to say: "The only school of advertising that really exists today is one not addicted or limited to a single basic creative formula or 'look.' I like to believe my agency is free of this addiction. I also believe that any so-called New York or Chicago school of advertising will fail in today's competitive advertising market. The agencies that will survive are those that solve the individual selling problems of the advertisers in the best possible way—those where the creative people are not stifled in an overstructured agency organization."

"It would be nice to claim we had a Chicago school, but we haven't," says Earle Ludgin, chairman of Earle Ludgin & Co. "In my opinion, there's no difference between Chicago and New York advertising, none whatsoever. We shift people back and forth between the two cities so much that it's very hard to maintain a difference."

Ludgin does believe, however, that advertising copy from Chicago has been "a little blunt at times." This advertising, he quickly admits, is more or less identified with recent campaigns out of Leo Burnett Company, the biggest Chicago agency. What Ludgin means by "blunt copy" includes Burnett's creation of the tattooed Marlboro man for Philip Morris and the "Real Gusto" promotion for the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, which showcased giant product pictures and short copy.

While Weiss and Ludgin have long been identified with the Chicago advertising fraternity, some of their brethren do not share their feelings about the existence of a Chicago school. One fact did become apparent when we spoke with these agency executives: there is no shortage of opinions on New York and Chicago advertising styles and differences.

Fairfax Cone, who maintains Chicago headquarters as chairman of the executive committee of Foote, Cone & Belding, says there is no Chicago school of advertising. But at the same time he offered this opinion: "Chicago advertising people generally have been less excited and less addicted to some of the far-out advertising created in other parts of the country."

If there is a Chicago school, "it's a more hard-boiled school," according to G. Bowman (Bo) Kreer, senior vice president and general manager of Young & Rubicam's Chicago office. "As a general rule," he said, "creative people in Chicago are more aware of the facts of life in face-to-face selling, and this is reflected in advertising."

Kreer insists there are New York agencies closer to the Chicago philosophy of advertising. But, on the other hand, he contends there are Chicago agencies that adhere to advertising principles of New York agencies—for example, the philosophy that "creativity is everything," as exemplified by Doyle Dane Bernbach and Papert, Koenig, Lois—both based in New York.

BURNETT and his agency are the strongest proponents of the Chicago style of advertising. "I think there is a Chicago school," says Burnett. "And I like to think our agency is champion." New York adman David Ogilvy, according to Burnett, is "one of the best Chicago advertising men around. His advertising has strong selling values, is well-mannered, and leans very heavy on selling the product."

Burnett believes that Chicago advertising, at least his agency's creative work, is a more forthright presentation of facts in the sales message than New York. More than a few times, Burnett has reemphasized that his agency works on the "assumption that every product has inherent drama. It is often hard to find, but it is always there, and, once found, it is the most interesting and believable of all advertising appeals."

Those admen who agree with Burnett say the Chicago school of advertising is more down-to-earth, direct, and less sophisticated in its approach to consumers than New York. The grass-roots flavor may, in part, stem from a geographical factor because Chicago is in America's heartland. There seems to be a widespread feeling among Chicago admen that Chicago advertising lacks humor. But Burnett argues, "We have good, warm humor—more relaxed than Eastern advertising, which has more self-conscious humor."

Concerning the purpose of advertising, Burnett says, "I'd rather have people say 'that's a hell of a product' instead of 'that's a hell of an advertisement.'" Bur-

(*Continued on page 62*)

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The Hard Sell

Continued from page 51

press. The stories resulting from such excursions—and their number is multiplying every day—can hardly be objective. They are, in sober truth, more often than not the kind of piece an expert public relations firm would produce for a business client. The protests against this practice are more or less confined to the reporters or publications not thus favored, and therefore possibly placed at a competitive disadvantage.

It is difficult for those in government to avoid an understandable cynicism when a story without any particular political motivation is released simply as news and turns up subsequently on some front pages as another example of what's wrong in Washington.

What is really wrong in Washington, in terms of this problem, is a lack of honesty on both sides about motivation, combined with a national confusion in values. For example, some highly placed figures in government—to use one of the common circumlocutions employed by officials who want publicity without responsibility—believe wholeheartedly that it is the legitimate province of those in government to sell the policies an administration is advocating by every possible means. Otherwise, they argue, how is a President going to reach the voters with his point of view?

This is exactly the argument that justifies public relations in the private sector, where the viewpoints of industries, businesses, and organizations of every kind are regularly represented in a wide variety of forms to the media, which faithfully reproduce them. Is it wrong, then, the administration people ask, for government to do the same thing? If the question is to be argued on moral grounds, as some insist, is there one kind of morality for the public sector and another for the private?

Inevitably the discussion of these matters in Washington gets back to the fundamental question of who gets what. While the old-fashioned scoop has virtually disappeared in other areas of reporting, Washington correspondence is still intensively competitive in many respects and cannot help being so when Presidents, Cabinet officers, agency heads, and even relatively unimportant functionaries release or suppress information on a selective basis. The handpicking of certain correspondents for private briefings, the use of friendly publications of wide influence to carry particularly important stories, the constant maneuvering to cover mistakes by timing stories to appear at the right moment in the right places—all this encourages many correspondents to put themselves in a position to get the tidbits, and it embitters those reporters who do not get them for reasons that are usually beyond their control.

"Free access to the news and equal access for all" is the rallying cry often heard from those pricked deeply by their own integrity, or by their have-not status. Almost no one among the correspondents believes that any such utopia is ever likely to occur. It is, in the first place, not in the nature of the political animal, no matter which party is in power. Secondly, the use of public relations techniques is one of the most resounding successes in the history of American business, and there is every reason to believe that it is ultimately going to be just as successful in government. No administration in this country's stormy political career has ever been sold to the voters so thoroughly and so well as the administration of President Johnson. Where Mr. Kennedy's sharp intelligence produced in him a brooding, Hamlet-like attitude toward the press that resulted in some serious mistakes in the selective process, Mr. Johnson and the people around him have spread their attitudes and policies generously over so wide an area that even Republican publications find themselves giving him aid and comfort.

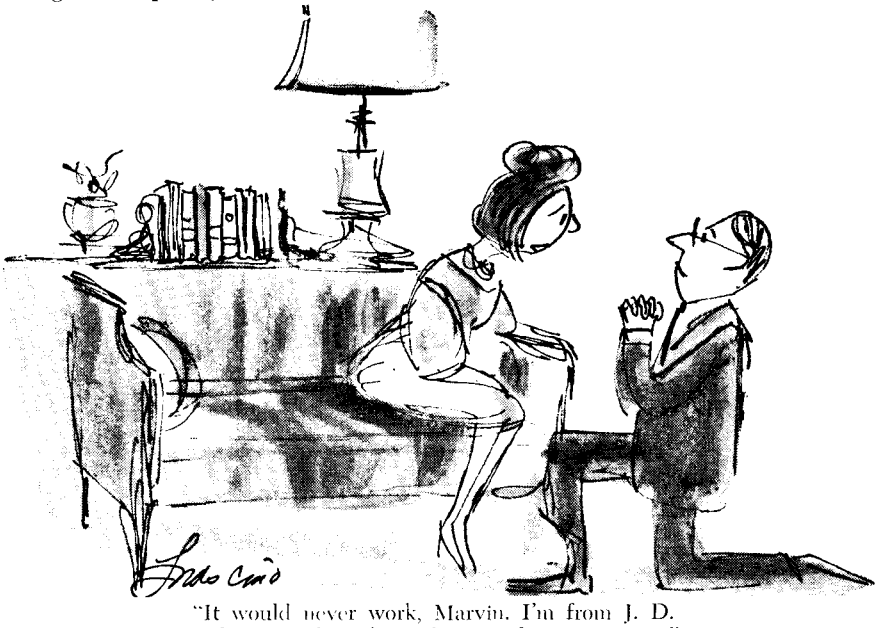
To the Democrats this is a good thing. It means that public relations has been used to create an image of the President satisfactory to a broad spectrum of voters, from Wall Street to the hill towns. It means that the policies the President advocates, both foreign and domestic, are being constantly held up to the public in the best possible light, so that attacks on them get disproportionately small space and are overwhelmed by the flood of favorable publicity. Even the celebrated incident of the beagles' ear-pulling was quickly converted with Madison Avenue skill to a more favorable attitude. (see box on page 51).

To the Republicans all this is a bad thing. Discounting the partisan oratory of the outs raging against the ins, there are many people (not excluding some uncomfortable Democrats) who feel that government policy is being sold as though it were soap, or the viewpoint of a trade association, or the attitude of a private business, and they think this is wrong. Presumably the alternative would be a return to the pre-Franklin D. Roosevelt days, the pre-public relations era in national life, when it was every man for himself. No one thinks those days are going to return. The social structure is cumulative and forward-moving.

That makes somewhat academic the question of whether Americans want their government to be run on public relations principles, whether good, bad, or indifferent. Obviously it is going to be, no matter what the result on any given November. And that brings us back to that troublesome old question of the free and responsible press.

If any curb is to be placed on government by public relations, it will have to be something stronger than a line in six-point type reading "advertisement" on a campaign publicity handout. It will have to be much stronger than a magazine piece that is wholly uncritical and unobjective because it was produced by a government agency and sold on the basis of its exclusivity. It will have to be more discerning than a television interview or panel show that knowingly provides a launching pad for trial balloons.

If the press demonstrates no more interest in curbing than it has until now, we may soon see the day when someone in Washington—a highly placed government official, no doubt—will remark that what is good for the country is good for General Motors.



"It would never work, Marvin. I'm from J. D. Salinger and you're right out of Henry James."

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Madison Avenue

Continued from page 60

nett does show concern for the over-all quality and quantity of advertising in today's market place. Said Burnett: "Too much advertising is not getting noticed. If you're not noticed, you don't get recall, and that's essential if you're selling a product. With rising ad costs and with the public obviously bored by a lot of advertising, there seems to be a new opportunity to serve advertisers. We need visibility with a bite, visibility that has uninterrupted power – with relevance and believability."

While Burnett champions the cause of Chicago advertising, he says he thinks only two or three Chicago agencies are turning out good advertising. He gets an argument from many Chicago practitioners on the caliber of work turned out by Michigan Avenue agencies. But at least one executive, Carl Post, is in agreement.

"The average Chicago shop is pretty dull," confesses Post, president of Post-Keyes-Gardner, a $35,000,000 agency. "There are very few exciting agencies in Chicago. There are some New York agencies that are a little more exciting than the average Chicago shop."

But one prominent New York advertising executive formerly employed in Chicago firmly believes there is little difference in the advertising created by the advertising centers. "Sure, you are likely to see more 'far-out' advertising produced by New York agencies," he said. "But don't forget, we have a bigger advertising community and more advertisers in certain markets."

Harry J. Lazarus, administrative vice president of the Chicago office of Geyer, Morey, Ballard, says there is no longer a Chicago or New York label. "I believe it is a mistake to judge advertising on its creative appearance alone without the follow-through in marketing and merchandising. To evaluate it any other way is like kissing your sister—it's a nice thing to do but there's no future in it."

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 60¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 52¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 54¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 56¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 58¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MEMO TO WRITERS: Helpful, honest advice, from authors and editors plus market lists showing where to sell manuscripts, monthly in THE WRITER magazine, $5 yearly. Send $1 for 3-month trial subscription. THE WRITER, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

BOOKS

EXCHANGE PAPERBACKS: *details 10¢.* Bruce Clark SR, 115 McGavock Pike, Nashville, Tennessee 37214.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Matawan 2, New Jersey.

FREE CATALOGUES, PAPERBACKS, etc. New York Book and Record Club, 4 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 5435 Upland Way, Philadelphia 31, Pa.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN books. The Mail Order Library, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

FOYLES FAMOUS BOOKSHOP. New, secondhand and rare books at low English prices. Stock of over 4 million volumes. You may pay by check in dollars. W. & G. Foyle, 119-125 Charing Cross Road, London W.C.2, England.

WANT SPECIALTY BOOKS? Give desires. Free lists. Clark Book Specialties, Dept. S2, Arcade Station 2754, Nashville, Tennessee.

BOOKS ABOUT ASIA—ORIENTALIA. 11 East 12th Street, New York 3, New York. Free Catalogue S.

THE PAPERBACK SELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 148 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage. Visit us: Hall of Education, World's Fair.

GOING TO LONDON? You'll need de Funiak's American-British Dictionary. Paper covers, $1.50. Bookstore, University of San Francisco, San Francisco 17, California.

SELL US YOUR OLD BOOKS! Free estimates. Explore new horizons in our Catalogue of Fine Books. 15¢. Columbia Booksellers, Box 7046, Washington, D.C. 20032.

BOOK AUCTION: 500 first editions and some autographs, estate of Robert N. Reid of Stockbridge and Springfield. July 13th, Grange Hall, Ludlow, Massachusetts. Contact W. E. Moore, Auctioneer.

"LEE OSWALD: Assassin or Fall Guy?" 158 pages, 17 chapters, illustrated, hardcover. Provocative. Send $3.95 to The Bookery, 120 Lovell Road, New Rochelle, N.Y.

JOKE BOOKS—free list. Donen, 124 East 177th Street, NYC 53.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 21, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 70¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

CAN'T GET IT, WE'LL FIND IT and fast. Free experienced service reaches 5,500 dealers weekly, if not in our large stock. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 84 Charles Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

BOOKSEARCH SERVICE. Prompt, reliable. Ruth Gilcreast, 3815 Market Street, San Francisco, California 94131.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS FOUND. Extensive contacts—wide experience—quick action. Old Colony Bookfinders, 129 S. Botolph Street, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

BIBLIOPHILES: Extensive Research, no obligation. Free Search Service. Try me first! John Friend, Bookfinder, Box 2570-S, Long Beach 1, California.

TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS. Wants actively sought in England and America. Matawan, New Jersey.

LOCATE BOOKS! California Booksearchers, Box 668, San Diego 12, California.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE. Any book located. Thousands successfully found. Paul Revere Bookshop, Box 194, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

FROM STOCK! Good Books—At Fair Prices—with Quick Service. Kendall Gaisser, 1242 Broadway, Toledo 9, Ohio 43609.

OUT-OF-PRINT? Hard to find? We specialize in locating the difficult. Fast, reasonable. Ardsley Books, Box 4308, Sunnyside 4, N. Y.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Your satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH. 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee 38127. Book finders.

AEROSPACE SPECIALIST. Catalogue 25¢. John Roby, 1335C St. Louis Avenue, Long Beach 4, California.

BACK NUMBERS

AMERICAN HERITAGE Magazines: I (1949) through XV (1964). All. Sold-Bought. Issues, Runs. Reid-Books, 1404 East 18th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11230.

ART

ORIGINAL PRINTS and Artist's Proof magazine available by membership in the nonprofit Pratt Graphic Art Center. Write for free catalogue, 831 Broadway, NYC 10003.

SIGNED ORIGINAL MODERN Abstract Paintings! 8" x 10", beautifully framed, $5.00; 3 for $12.00, returnable. Vanguard Gallery, 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, California.

FINE ORIGINAL OIL PAINTINGS by more than 50 artists whose talents are comparable to the Great Masters. All styles, all subjects. Prices from $15 to $150. Photographs of paintings in full color are available. Send for free illustrated 58 page booklet. Artist's Showroom, Dept. 6, 167 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N.Y.

RECORD MART

FREE. THE FINEST mail-order record catalogue available. Hundreds of bargain LP's. The Record Center, Dept. SRW, 821 Broadway, NYC 10003.

CARMEN, Bizet, complete, Deutsche Grammophon, with famous German cast, 3 LP set with German textbook, Hi-Fi $14.50, Stereo $16.50. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 28, REgent 4-2500.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

SUBSCRIPTIONS *to German, Austrian, Swiss magazines* make thoughtful gifts. Request catalogue. German News Company, 200 East 86th Street, NYC 28, BUtterfield 8-5500.

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, POLISH periodicals, newspapers. European Publishers Representatives, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

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COLOR SLIDES

SENT ON APPROVAL! Complete your collection with the scenes you missed. Select from thousands of colorful 35 mm slides from 98 countries and official New York World's Fair slides* (sold individually) — 8 & 16 mm movies also available — all as beautiful as your best originals. You name it, we have it — restricted interiors — Holy Land narrations with new slides — Oberammergau 1960—Tahiti—exciting peoples of the Far East! Send 25¢ for the big 88 page, 8th edition Wolfe Catalogue of Hi-Fi slides in true, living color. For more than 13 years Wolfe slides have been sent on approval—they have to be good! Wolfe Worldwide Films, Dept. 774-A, Los Angeles 90025. *Distributed in association with Photo Lab, Inc., Official Licensee, New York World's Fair 1964-1965.

SCHOOLS

SECONDARY SCHOOL YEAR ABROAD. Spain—Schoolboys Abroad Program, 11th grade honors course emphasizing Spanish, Barcelona, Spain, 1964-65. Write for catalogue and all information: Executive Officer, Schoolboys Abroad, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY. Two schools: Toms River, New Jersey; St. Petersburg, Florida (also Junior School). Fully accredited. Prepares for all colleges, government academies. Naval science. Testing. Sports. Pools. Bands. Summer camp, school. Catalogue. Box S, Toms River, New Jersey.

COLLEGES

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 430 Cuyahoga Savings Building, Cleveland 15, Ohio.

WISCONSIN SEMESTER IN MEXICO. August 17th-December 16th. Intensive Spanish, area studies, all levels. Collaboration, Universidad Veracruzana. Small classes, personal attention, private homes. Modest cost. Address: State University, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

HAVING DIFFICULTY entering college? We still have vacancies. YAMPA VALLEY COLLEGE, Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N. Y.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS—in the classical tradition. Virginals and spinets. For brochure: William Hyman, Harpsichord Builder, 61-29 170th Street, Flushing 65, N.Y.

FOLK GUITARS, BANJOS—1964 catalogue 25¢. Main Music, 4139 Main, Skokie, Illinois.

DeBLAISE HARPSICHORDS: quality craftsmanship. 453 West 21st, New York 10011.

SUMMER THEATER

SHARON, CONNECTICUT. "THE ROSE TATTOO" at The Playhouse, July 14th-July 19th. Evenings except Monday, matinee Thursday. Reservations: 203-EN 4-5733.

THE PETERBOROUGH PLAYERS professional summer theater offers "Country Girl," "Shadow and Substance," "Arms and the Man," "Outward Bound," "Ring Around the Moon." Each show runs two weeks, Wednesdays through Saturdays, beginning July 1st. Reservations: Box 1, Peterborough, New Hampshire.

FOR THE GOURMET

SERVE MUSHROOM NIBBLES, Brandywine's inestimably esculent new cocktail snack! Discerning palates applaud! Obtainable best shops. Norton Delicacies, New Milford, Connecticut.

GOURMET FOODS for your table and gift giving. Exquisite selections. Request mail order catalogue. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 28, REgent 4-2500.

HOBBIES

THIRTY ORDOVICIAN FOSSILS, $1.98. Fossil Tidepools, Box 263, Lebanon, Ohio.

PERSONALS

WANTED: "TALKS WITH NEHRU," by Norman Cousins, published 1951, by John Day, now out of print. Time is of the essence. Contact Box H-801.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English language newspapers overseas, social work. Highly recommended for many years. 1964 edition only $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN, at a fraction of their American retail prices. $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 37 East Willow Street, Millburn, New Jersey.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free home study course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 18 East 76th St., NYC 21.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

MOVING HOUSEHOLD GOODS OVERSEAS? Save money. Use exclusive "Plane-Ahead" service. Essential goods go by plane, drastically reducing hotel costs. Bulk of shipment goes by surface transportation — keeps moving costs low. One predetermined, guaranteed cost. No extras. One through-bill. Shipped in sealed, pilferproof containers. Everything from customs inspection to advice on customs of a country. Write for booklet: "Moving Overseas," indicating foreign city. ROUTED THRU-PAC, Inc., 350 Broadway, NYC 10013.

"DOWN IN YON GARDEN sweet and gay" May Cove is busy distilling fresh flower fragrances for your pure delight. Circular J, May Cove, Mathews, Virginia 23109.

SHIFTS, HOSTESS SKIRTS are especially satisfying when made from Carol Brown's uncommon fabrics. Choose a handblocked Indian cotton or a Finnish print, Tussah silk or woolnet, at her home in Putney, Vermont, U.S. 91 and 5.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd St., NYC 16.

"POEMS OF PESSIMISM." "The New Materialism," "Poems of People," "Poems of Pain," "Threnody," 25¢ each, $1 complete. "Poems of Place," unprinted format, 25¢. Ed Stillman, Box 705, Hallandale, Florida.

TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT when in Washington. Worship Saturday morning in the air-conditioned Sligo Seventh-day Adventist Church, Flower and Carroll, Takoma Park, Maryland. Sensibly biblical.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free Catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U. S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "Teaching Opportunities in San Francisco," $1.00 or FREE, with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

ARE THERE REASONS WHY HUMANISTS should join the American Humanist Association? We need members who are reluctant to join organizations. Introductory literature. Dept. SR-7, Humanist House, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS Import. Dolmetsch, Purcell, $5, $7.95 up! Student Special, Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music. Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue, 7-4-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

B.A. DEGREE PROGRAM FOR ADULTS. Six months independent study cycles begin and end with week on campus. College experience required. New admissions accepted in August and February. Write Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

PERSONALS

DISCOVER with Emily Polk "THE EXCITEMENT OF INDIA": of living in Delhi, the historic capital; of unearthing ancient art and furniture forms that can become a new source of modern design; of collecting each piece of a treasure of barbaric village jewelry. To arrange for these and other illustrated lectures by EMILY POLK write to Box H-880.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue, New York 10021. REgent 4-3902. Established 1887.

STRINGS—STRINGS—STRINGS. 300 varieties for all instruments. We specialize in the finest quality, in return-mail delivery, and, happy day, we save you money. Send for our string supplement catalogue and see! Wayne J. Anderson, 545 West 111th Street, New York 25, N.Y.

FOOT COMFORT—Also extra large sizes. Free all-seasons catalogue. 50 styles double deerskin, sheepskin moccasins, casuals, other slippers, shoes, boots. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont.

"HE WHO SPEAKS WELL does well" • Social • Business • Private • Class • Brochure. "Speech Center," 165 West 46th Street, NYC. LT 1-3471 after 6 p.m.

WHAT IS THE TRUTH on Appalachia. Ten weeks for a dollar. "The West Virginia Hillbilly," Richwood, West Virginia.

REPAIRS—FURNITURE RESTORED—minor home alterations. Reasonable, efficient. TEmpleton 1-5016 NYC.

LEARN TO MAKE and drape a sari. For full instructions, send $1.00 to Sari, Box 439, New York, N.Y. 10009.

ROLL-CALL DIGEST, a penetrating report of key voting records of Congress. $1.00. Roll-Call, SR1, 2230 Wisconsin, Washington, D.C.

TENNIS SITTING DOWN, ANYONE? Relax with "Wimbledon," the new tennis card game. Tennis rules, shots, scoring and strategy. Singles, doubles. Play to outmaneuver, overpower or bluff. Nothing like it . . . except tennis itself. $4 postpaid. Bucks County Games, Box 425-S, Buckingham, Pennsylvania.

ANTIQUE LOVERS—Learn restoration, finishing. Fall classes. NYC. Information Box J-11.

LEARN THE SECRETS of the American Love Story. Get them firsthand from Daisy Bacon, for many years America's best-known love story editor. In her new paperback: "Love Story Editor," published by Gemini Books, $1.65, she tells all. An excellent tool for anyone interested in this form of story composition. Order, cash with order, from Town & Country Books, Box 158, Riverside, Connecticut.

LADY LIVING ALONE vicinity New York desires immediately mature gentlewoman, good driver with car, part-time assistance, home interests, summer Lake Champlain or permanent. Owner, 65 Knollwood Road, Short Hills, N.J.

PARTNER WANTED, male or female, for public relations agency. Box H-891.

MY FRIEND, A DENTIST, is not retiring but creating a wonderfully new environment in mid-Manhattan to continue his work and share his experience. It would be a perfect situation for a young, bright dentist and I asked the good doctor if I could make this opportunity known through his favorite magazine. If you are dedicated and your idea of status is the Golden Rule and not a solid gold Cadillac, write to me and if I feel that it would be of mutual value I will pass your letter on to the doctor. Box J-15.

SHOULD LIKE cultured roomers or helpful boarders, either sex, cat lovers, in fine home, southeastern Vermont. All-season recreation area, creative atmosphere. Box H-850.

YOUNG LADY, 22, B.A. degree, well traveled, fluent French, Spanish, seeks employment abroad, interpreter, translator, tutor. Available for interview after August 20th. Box J-19.

ACUTE MALE INTELLIGENCE—background fiction, nonfiction, publishing—accepting assignments, flexible deadlines. Box J-4.

TEACHER, FEMALE, 24, elementary, high school, seeks world travel. Teacher? Governess? Secretary? Box H-865.

(Continued on page 64)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 63)

RADCLIFFE PBK, Harvard law degree, mid-30s, wants part-time work in field of better human relations, civil rights, etc. Remuneration secondary, interest primary. No work experience but willing heart. NYC or suburbs. Box J-17.

M.A., ENGLISH, Ph.D. student, experience, seeks college teaching. Box H-888.

EUROPEAN FALL TRAVEL attendant to lady or children. University graduate, age 22, Phi Beta Kappa. Contact Diana Jones, 5019 Leland Drive, Washington 21, D.C. Telephone 301-567-1994.

ELDERLY LADY, 52, wishes secretarial/administrative secretarial job in quiet college. Beaver for work; fair disposition; experience several universities. Seeks trafficless tranquillity in twilight years. Box J-9.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

EDUCATION DIRECTOR NEEDED—Qualified educator, experienced in special education, to supervise instructional and curriculum aspects of program at private pre-school and elementary level day school. The students, whose intellectual capacity ranges from borderline to superior, present a variety of learning problems associated with organic, developmental, or emotional disorders. Person will be working with a professional team composed of Director, Psychiatrist, Psychologist, Social Worker, Speech Therapist, Remedial Teacher, Classroom Teachers and Teachers in Special Skills. State salary required. Apply to: Albert Silverman, Director, The Green Tree School, 6340 Wayne Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19144.

COLLEGE GRADUATES. Interesting, individualized skill teaching. Small groups. Background Liberal Arts or Education. Single. Enjoy working independently. Travel. Reply promptly, Box H-799.

VERY STABLE PERSON, age 24-34, to assist with care of two Siamese cats and general household duties, St. Louis, Missouri. Opportunity for individual who likes unusual and problematic situations. Good pay. Full or part time. Permanent. Box H-854.

NEWS BUREAU at Ivy League university has opening for an experienced writer. Must be able to research and write news and feature material for a variety of news media. Excellent salary and fringe benefits for professional of proven experience. Write full details of experience and educational background, with salary requirements, to Box H-890.

EXPERIENCED SECRETARIES—Take a working holiday. See England, Switzerland, Belgium. Work for Manpower on secretarial assignments. Paid by the hour . . . take time off to tour these lovely countries. Write Overseas Recruiting . . . Manpower, Inc., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

FOR SALE: Canadian island summer 8 room home. Secluded, electricity, picturesque scenery, highway to waterfront, fishing and boating. Ferry from Eastport, Maine. $5,500 cash. Write Parsons, Cummings Cove, Deer Island, New Brunswick.

BUCKS COUNTY NEAR NEW HOPE. Newly restored 3 bedroom stone house with handsome stone barn. Asking $26,000. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Country homes and acreage. Harold W. Ross, Bondville, Real Estate. Telephone 802-824-5457.

TIRED OF THE JUNGLE? Japanese influenced, architect designed, 4 bedroom home in civilized Oregon university town. Trees, mountain view, excellent neighborhood. $26,500, terms. W. R. Stahl, M.D., 3625 Hayes Street, Corvallis.

BERKSHIRES—OTIS, MASSACHUSETTS—Colonial cottage—4 rooms, fireplace, garage. Large trees, pond. 5 acres. Near Jacob's Pillow, Tanglewood, skiing. $9,000. **45 ACRES** beautiful woodland, springs, river frontage. $10,000. Financing arranged. Call 212-KI 8-1461 weekday evenings; weekends 413-CO 9-5983. Box H-900.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

ORANGE COUNTY, N.Y. Beautifully renovated, 5 bedroom house dating from Revolutionary times. Original flooring, handhewn beams, shingle siding, modern utilities, 2 fireplaces, huge barn. 35 wooded acres, stream. 75 miles from NYC. $25,000. Box J-6.

DOBBS FERRY, N.Y. Built 1865 by Cyrus Field. Gracious, handsome, carefully modernized and maintained. 4 marble fireplaces, high ceilings, 6 bedrooms, 3½ baths, den, playroom, small swimming pool. Beautiful, established gardens on ⅝ fenced acre insure privacy. Wonderful for children, entertaining, doctor's office. $47,000. 914-OW 3-4133.

BUCKS COUNTY—Charming small old stone house on 2 acres, and quaint tinsmith shop—pond. $27,750. F. Louis Fitting, Realtor, New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2291.

EATON'S NECK, NORTHPORT, L.I. Ideal year-round 4-5 bedroom house. 3¼ unspoiled acres. Private beach and mooring rights. Excellent schools, commuting. $37,000. Box J-7.

MAINE WATERFRONT PROPERTY. 70 acre ocean peninsula, $30,000. 30 acre island, large house, guest house and causeway, $60,000. Modern home, 600' seashore, $20,000. Home, 40 acres, 200' seashore, $25,000. All in Mount Desert region. Anchor Real Estate, R.F.D. 1, Ellsworth, Maine.

For Sale—Furnished

HISTORIC MARYLAND WATERFRONT ESTATE. 200 acres. $185,000. Brochure. Schofield, 109 East 81st Street, NYC.

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA. Beautifully furnished modern home, fully air-conditioned, heated. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, 1 landscaped acre. $36,000. Terms. Owner: 305-583-3614, Box H-898.

For Rent—Furnished

MOUNTAINTOP 3 bedroom concrete house. 10 acres, superb views. Cool. All conveniences. 19 miles southeast San Juan, Puerto Rico. Decorator furnished. March-December, $105 month. Box F-713.

EASTERN SHORE ESTATE—10 room house with mile of waterfront, near Easton, Maryland. $225 monthly. Brochure. Schofield, 109 East 81st Street, NYC.

ARIZONA—September-May or longer. Modern 5 bedroom house, horses, handyman, swimming pool, 1,100 acres, near golf course. $800 monthly. Box H-789.

FLORIDA. BEAUTIFUL WATERFRONT, 3 bedroom, 2 bath, pool, patio home. Exclusive Lighthouse Point section. September through June. $4,000. Roe, 2341 N.E. 28th Court, Pompano Beach.

LOS ANGELES AREA. Available September to February 1st. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, pool, excellent schools. $450 per month includes gardener, pool maintenance and water. References required. Hyman, 450 Orange Grove, South Pasadena, California.

For Summer Rental

NEW HOUSE, heart of Green Mountain National Forest. 5 bedrooms, 4 baths, 3 fireplaces. By month or season between July 10th and October 1st. Located Route 11, Peru-Londonderry, Vermont. P.O. Box 16, Londonderry, Vermont, phone 802-824-5918.

HOUSE TO SHARE

COUPLE OR TWO LADIES share comfortable summer home Maine shore, Blue Hill vicinity. Separate housekeeping, $15 per person weekly. References exchanged. Write June Farm, Surry, Maine.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MANHATTAN. Furnished 4½ rooms. East 70s. Air-conditioned, doorman. August-September. Box H-873.

$100 UP—Singles, bedroom apartments. Westwood, near UCLA. Child O.K. No lease. 505 Gayley, Los Angeles, California.

LEXINGTON, 57TH, NYC. 1 room, kitchenette, complete hotel service. $185 monthly. August, September. Box J-14.

IN GREEN MOUNTAINS: Tastefully furnished 3 room duplex, distinguished Colonial house, East Poultney green. Near Lake St. Catherine. Excellent swimming, fishing, golf. August 1st through Labor Day. $125. Telephone 802-287-5863.

COMING TO NEW YORK? My choice, air-conditioned, double room with kitchenette, bath, private entrance, maid service, in the East 70s near Fifth, is $130 a week. Box J-22.

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VACATIONS

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VACATIONS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1579

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Criterion of the least known living thing (3 wds.; old country saying).	23 53 9 116 134 34 19 79 104 88
B. Original name of WORD J, as the son of Ino (Gk. *myth.*)	206 148 181 117 162 58 194 111 7 38
C. Announcer.	178 99 176 170 74 147
D. Incessant; undying.	3 164 137 10 12 118 123
E. Increase the amount wagered (3 wds.).	39 127 97 77 56 91 190 143 108 188 119
F. An object of knowledge.	144 103 166 65 14 126 40 73
G. Spoiler of the "nice new rattle" in *Through the Looking Glass.*	17 192 33 205 93 130 5 153 36 177
H. Color of the mignonette flower.	57 68 82 61 196 41
I. Scoring effort in baseball made without the help of a base on balls or an error (2 wds.).	16 159 151 201 78 167 8 140 114
J. WORD B when made a sea god, after his mother jumped into the ocean with him in her arms.	96 124 81 152 49 105 193 72
K. Cyclopean (comp.).	199 52 122 191 44 66 50
L. White signals, visible all around the night horizon, shown by anchored vessels (2 wds.).	169 37 202 142 110 150 102 71 4 204 1 13
M. Large, hairy spider, venomous in Europe, harmless in Australia.	48 197 32 63 128 98 154 42 113
N. Ancient name of regions now in Russia, whose inhabitants were nomadic and savage from 7th cent. B.C.	90 62 131 182 186 109 100
O. Lore of spirit rappings.	185 184 24 156 59 86 18 67 173
P. Colloquial expression for without effort, utterly (2 wds.).	2 120 64 11 92 141 163 29 6
Q. A monodelphian.	28 145 83 30 179 160 89 187 136
R. Chinese abacus (2 wds.).	138 54 26 21 106 46 146
S. Succession of musical sounds expressing a joyous refrain, sometimes also derisive (comp.).	189 198 135 25 180 101 129 85 51
T. Courteously, with implication of suavity and elegance.	200 15 171 155 47 87 195 75
U. Stupidity; bluntness.	22 80 172 107 69 31 132 158
V. Best food for lambs (2 wds.).	161 45 133 112 174 84 43 121
W. The European dogfish *Scyliorhinus canicula.*	35 76 149 165 94 55 175 70 60 115
X. An acrostic of the final letters of lines of a poem or of a list of words (*familiar to D.-C.'ers who* solve the SERIES).	203 157 125 168 95 139 20 27 183

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 L	2 P	3 D		4 L	5 G	6 P	7 B	8 I	9 A	10 D		11 P	12 D	13 L
14 F	15 T	16 I		17 G	18 O		19 A	20 X	21 R	22 U		23 A		24 O	25 S	26 R	27 X
28 Q		29 P	30 Q	31 U	32 M	33 G		34 A	35 W	36 G		37 L	38 B		39 E	40 F	41 H
42 M	43 V	44 K		45 V	46 R	47 T	48 M	49 J	50 K		51 S	52 K	53 A		54 R	55 W	56 E
57 H	58 B		59 O	60 W	61 H		62 N	63 M	64 P		65 F	66 K		67 O	68 H	69 U	70 W
71 L	72 J	73 E	74 C	75 T		76 W	77 E	78 I	79 A	80 U	81 J		82 H	83 Q	84 V	85 S	86 O
	87 T	88 A	89 Q	90 N	91 E	92 P		93 G	94 W	95 X	96 J	97 E	98 M	99 C		100 N	101 S
102 L		103 F	104 A	105 J	106 R	107 U	108 E	109 N	110 L	111 B	112 V		113 M	114 I	115 W		116 A
117 B	118 D	119 E	120 P	121 V	122 K	123 D		124 J	125 X	126 F		127 E	128 M	129 S	130 G	131 N	132 U
133 V	134 A		135 S	136 Q	137 D		138 R	139 X	140 I	141 P	142 L	143 E	144 F		145 Q	146 R	147 C
148 B	149 W	150 L	151 I	152 J	153 G	154 M	155 T	156 O	157 X	158 U		159 I	160 Q	161 V		162 B	163 P
164 D	165 W	166 F	167 I	168 X	169 L	170 C	171 T	172 U	173 O		174 V	175 W	176 C	177 G		178 C	179 Q
180 S	181 B	182 N	183 X	184 O		185 O	186 N	187 Q	188 E		189 S	190 E	191 K		192 G	193 J	194 B
195 T	196 H		197 M	198 S	199 K	200 T	201 I	202 L		203 X	204 L	205 G	206 B				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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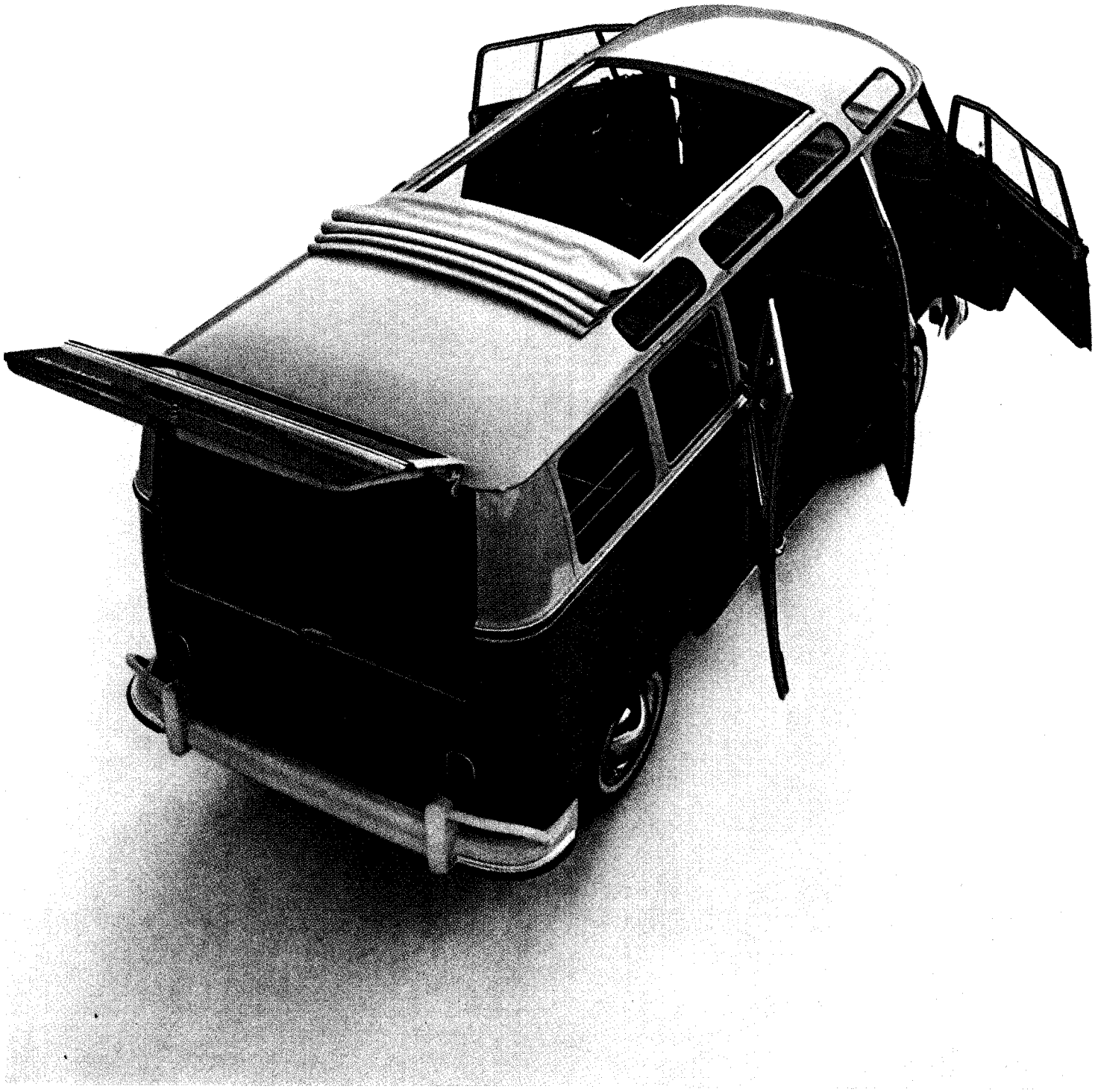

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That's the theory.

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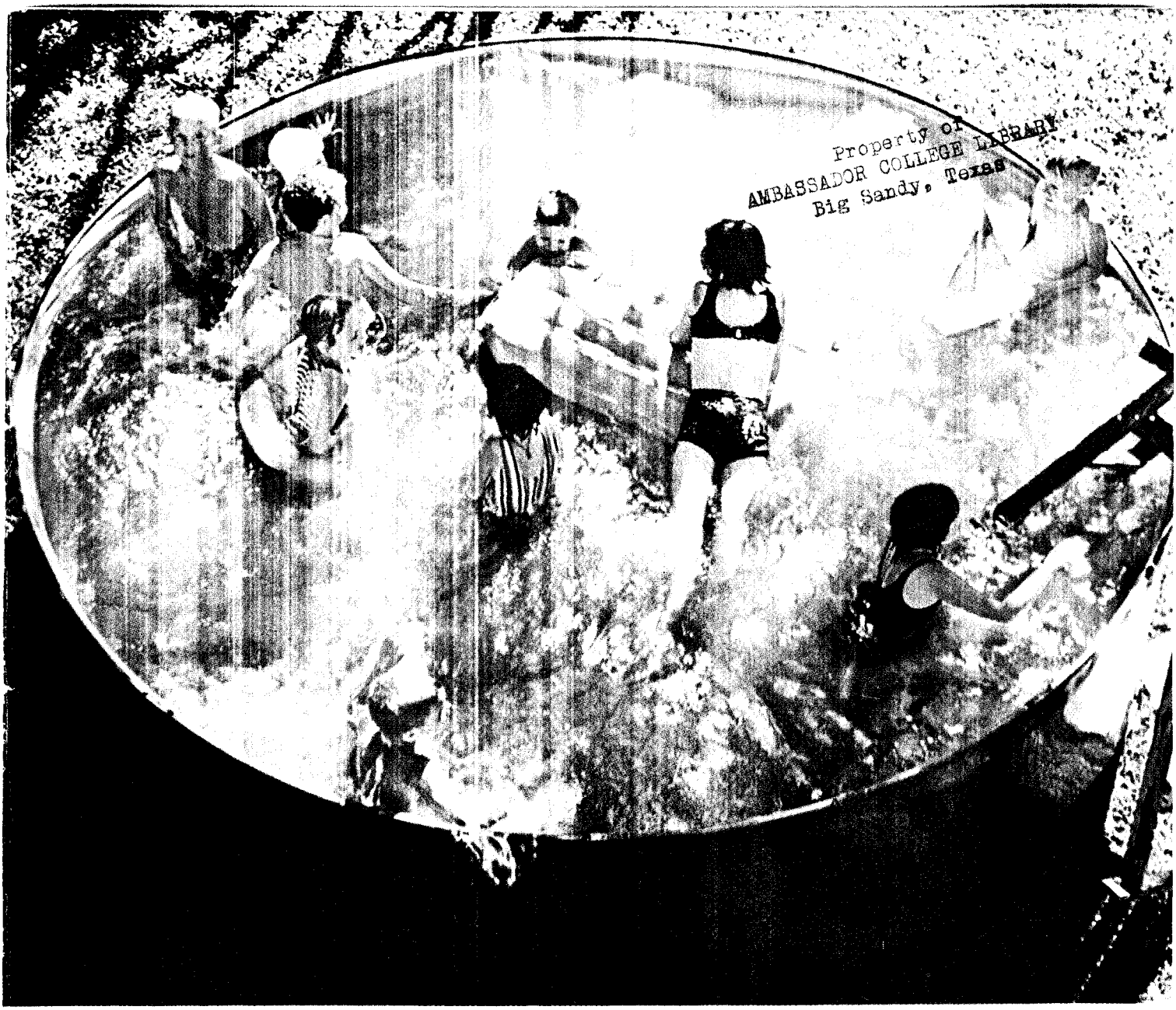

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